

DECISIVE EVENTS
IN
HISTORY.

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DECISIVE EVENTS
IN
HISTORY.



THE MEETING OF HANNIBAL AND SCIPIO AT ZAMA.

DECISIVE EVENTS IN HISTORY.

BY
THOMAS ARCHER.

ILLUSTRATED.

10722

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P R E F A C E.



THE title of this book is meant to express the intention of the book itself as an endeavour accurately to indicate, in a brief and picturesque manner, those supreme occurrences in the history of the world which have been, as it were, turning-points for the destinies of nations.

As distinct, but necessarily inseparable from the one great Central Event in the experience of the human race—the coming of Christ and the beginning of that “Kingdom of God” which (slowly as its victories may seem to be accomplished) shall have no end—those achievements, the outlines of which it has been attempted to depict in the following pages, may be regarded as the most important to mankind.

The records of the Sacred Scriptures of the Old Testament, some of which have been verified by recent disclosures of hieroglyphic inscriptions on ancient monuments, belong especially to the history of the nation whose high vocation it was to preserve the great primal truths which are at the foundation of all worship and of all religion, and it was not until the Jews came into immediate contact with other nations that they took a part in what may be called the secular history of the world. The present volume,

therefore, commences with the earliest period of trustworthy historical records, as distinguished from the Saered Books; and the first Decisive Event is to be found in that glorious struggle by which one free State of ancient Greece broke the power and prestige of the Mede at Marathon, and so checked the Persian invasion of Europe. The final and successful struggle of the Second Punic War, and the vigorous effort by which the Roman arms shattered the Carthaginian hosts, and so delivered Italy and redeemed Spain from Africen tyranny, had the effect of extending the Roman power till it culminated in the Empire under Titus, and the dispersion of the Jewish people. The first symptoms of corruption and decay in that vast organisation which held the world in awe—the division of the Eastern and Western Empire—the reunion of the Empire under Constantine, and the so-called establishment of the Christian Church by its alliance with the State, and the invasion of the Goths—were followed by the decline of Roman power, the incursion of the swarming tribes of Huns under Attila, and the commencement of that reconstruction of nations, of which the foundation of Venice was an example. The establishment of the Christian religion in England may be said to have inaugurated a new era, in which the influence of a strong and rising people was conspicuous; and the growing power of Germany and France, the repulse of the Saracens in their attempt to enter Europe, the Norman conquest of England—all these seem to have paved the way for that extraordinary movement which, during the Crusades, repeatedly changed the relative position

of rulers and peoples, and opened new prospects of enlightenment and mutual advantage. The arduous struggle for the establishment of a recognised code for securing national liberties was signalised by the signing of Magna Charta in England, and by a series of insurrections and devastating conflicts both here and in other countries, which lasted until the feudal power was finally abated; while the increased dissemination of learning was followed by the far wider and more powerful influence of the great religious Reformation, and by the blow struck at the haughty assumptions of the Catholic King of Spain by the destruction of the Armada.

Of the Decisive Events which subsequently determined the history of the English people, the opposition of the House of Commons to Charles I., and its demand for the acceptance of the Petition of Right, may be said to be the most suggestive, since it was to this attitude of Parliament as representing the nation that we must attribute not only the greater, but the second Revolution; not only the grim conflict that ended in the iron rule of the Independents, but the final deposition of the Stuarts, when—

“Prick'd by the Papal spur, we rear'd
And flung the Second James.”

Of the succeeding historical period it is not too much to say that the dread struggles by which the people of France avenged, with torrents of blood, tyrannies that had grown intolerable—and the rise of that enormous power which was impersonated in Napoleon Bonaparte, are the most prominent pictures; while the sudden fall

of Bonaparte himself, after he had been the superior of kings, was its most decisive event, just as the reunion of Germany has been the most important result of that apparently inevitable war which was precipitated by Napoleon III.

Having thus touched on the various subjects of the following series, it may be permitted to me to say that this volume claims to do no more than so to illustrate the Decisive Events in History, that it may at once interest the general reader, and induce the young student to fill up the intervening spaces for himself by following the interesting and profitable pursuit of historical inquiry.

THOMAS ARCHER.





DECISIVE EVENTS IN HISTORY.

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THE BATTLE OF MARATHON.

BEJOICE! rejoice! The victory is ours!" It is the cry of a Greek soldier—a solitary figure who has come, with already failing feet and straining eyes, up the long road that leads to Athens from the level plain by the sea, between the foot of Pentelicus and the less prominent mount of Hymettus—the plain of Marathon. Covered with dust and blood—the blood of the enemy mingled with his own—wounded, faint, and with armour and dress disordered, he has struggled onward towards the eminence where the Archons are assembled in the porch of the Athenian town-hall. To bring the glorious news, he has left the conquering ranks of Miltiades, Aristeides, and Themistocles, only waiting to see the Persians flee to the ships that came to invade Attica, and are now—such of them as are not burnt by the victorious Greeks before they can push off from the shore—the only place of refuge for that great army which Darius has sent to avenge the defiance of Athens and of Sparta. The treacherous Hippias, the son of Peisistratus, once the Tyrant of Athens, has led the invading force, but he lies undistinguished amidst the heaps of slain. Six thousand Persians have fallen in this desperate battle, without counting those who have found a grave in the sea or have been consumed in the flames. Seven

of the ships have been taken, and the pursuing *hoplites*, with their commanders, have sought to stay the rest by rushing waist deep in the water and seizing the triremes. Among these was Cyrægirus, brother of the poet Æschylus, who, refusing to release his hold, and endeavouring to board the vessel that he had clutched in the fury of his pursuit, had his hand severed by a Median axe, and so fell back into the sea and was drowned. About two hundred of the victorious army have fallen; and now a single messenger, keeping his latest breath to accomplish this heroic journey of thirty miles from the sea-border of Marathon to the city, lifts up his hands, and, with one cry of “Victory!” falls upon the marble steps, and is numbered with the dead.

Others must tell the story of the great battle that has broken the power of the “Medes,” and commenced a new era by saving European States from that Persian despotism which has overshadowed all the colonies of the Greeks in Asia. And the story will soon be told; for yonder, on the road along which the dying herald has hastened, the army of Miltiades is even now marching to carry the tidings, and to frustrate the attempt of the Persians to sail round the coast and make a second attack on the undefended city. For there, on the eminence of Pentelicus, some treacherous hand has held up a burnished shield as a signal to the invader to come to Athens instead of tarrying on the plain of Marathon; but the sign was made too late—the battle had been fought and won; and even as the triremes bearing the vanquished foe are struggling from the shore, and their chiefs, seeing the glittering shield, determine to double the Cape of Sunium instead of steering by the islands, and so getting back to Asia, Miltiades has seen it also, and with consummate and rapid generalship gathers his troops together, and at once commences that long day’s march which will enable him to reach the Athenian capital before the



NEWS OF THE BATTLE OF MARATHON BROUGHT TO ATHENS.

ships have time to gain the port of Phaléron, where they will not dare another engagement with what must seem to them to be a second army.

Even in our own day, the very name of Marathon is synonymous with the glorious struggle of a free people against foreign tyranny; and the traveller visiting Greece turns his thoughts from Athens to the broad, low-lying plain where the victory was won by a single free State, which vindicated the liberty of a country in spite of internal divisions and the treachery of opposing factions.

Let us for a moment turn to the map of Greece, and look at that portion of the country the conformation of which is determined by the mountains which run down to the sea at right angles to the main chain, thus dividing *Attica* into a succession of plains. The westernmost of these is the territory of Megara, bounded on one side by the Geraneian chain, on the other by a line of hills, at the southern end of which rise two peaks, called Cerata, or “The Horns.”

Next comes the level expanse, the eastern part of which is called the Thriasian plain. Opposite to the seaboard of this, and separated from it by a narrow strait, which forms a succession of graceful bays, lay the island of Salamis, and between it and the plains of Athens rose the long ridge of *Ægaleos*, through a depression in which, was the line of the sacred way where the torchlight processions used to descend to the coast—“the bright gleaming shores” of Sophocles. But carrying the eye further, we come to the southern extremity of Hymettus, where that mountain projects into the sea. This is the promontory of Zoster, on rounding which the traveller who approaches from the direction of Sunium first comes in sight of Athens. The level space between the foot of Pentelicus and Hymettus extends for two miles, and forms the entrance to Mesogæa, an elevated, undulating plain amidst the mountains, reaching nearly to Sunium; and between Zoster and that promontory is a lower

line of mountains, between the bases of which and the sea is the district of Paralia. At the north-eastern angle of Attica, which faces Eubœa, is the famous field of Marathon, a little plain enclosed on three sides by the rocky arms of Parnes and Pentelicus, while the fourth is open to the sea. The mountains from which the Greeks descended, the shore along which the Persian ships were ranged, and the marshes at the two sides by which the invaders' movements were impeded, and which formed a prominent feature in the picture of the battle on the walls of the Pœcile, at Athens, are all conspicuous. High above rises the summit of Pentelicus, from which the burnished shield must have been held up to flash in the sun—the signal made by the Alcmænidæ to call the Persians to Athens. The sides of this mountain and the neighbouring plain were the abode of the political disturbers, the Diacrii or Hyperacrii, the revolutionists; while the wealthy landowners, the people inhabiting the well-cultivated plains, desired to maintain existing institutions, and to keep the power in their own hands, and the Parali, or dwellers on the sea-coast, were the commercial and mercantile community, who were moderators, holding the balance between the other two parties. This is all the indication which can be given in our limited space of the division of politics in ancient Greece—but the revolutions and contests for power between various communities, were constant and violent, and the country was thus continually open to the ambitious efforts of Eastern conquerors who desired to profit by the divisions and contentions of its people.

We must now picture to ourselves that level plain bounded by a marsh at each extremity, in front of it the sea—which formed a deep bay, with a shore convenient for landing—the plain extending along the bay for about six miles, and with a breadth never less than a mile and a half. Between the marshes and the sea, lies a broad, firm, sandy beach, the uninterrupted level of the plain hardly

relieved by a single tree; while separating it from the rest of Attica is an amphitheatre of rocky hills and rugged mountains, over the lower ridges of which some steep and difficult paths communicate with the districts of the interior. Yonder in the bay lie the six hundred ships or *triremes* which have brought the Persian army, but of that vast host we know not the number, though it cannot be less than 150,000 to 200,000 men; and history will not tell us, for Justin computes them at 600,000, Lysias at 500,000, Plutarch at 300,000, and Cornelius Nepos at the moderate total of 100,000, while Herodotus does not commit himself to an opinion. However, there they are upon the plain down by the shore—at least ten times as many as the army which is preparing to oppose them, and consisting of a few companies of cavalry and a host of foot-soldiers, clad in uncouth armour, strange dresses, and leopard or tiger-skin tunics. There are Ethiopians and barbarians as well as Medes, armed with light javelins, spears, swords, bows and arrows pointed with steel or with flints—points which, in after-ages, will be found by explorers, who will pick them up from the plain and wonder whether they were formed by nature or by art. Up yonder, on the higher ground by the sacred groves of Heracles, the ten thousand Athenians are preparing for the fight. Miltiades, who has been elected to the chief command, will direct the centre; the Polemarch, Callimachus, will lead the right wing, as the law of honour ordains; Aristeides, who is called "The Just," and Themistocles, the orator and statesman who in the Senate is his great opponent, join in supporting the centre and in commanding the left wing. But at this left wing there are others who are not Athenians. Not that the mission of the swift courier to Sparta has been successful. The Spartans do not refuse their aid; but they delay on the ground that their laws forbid them from setting out on any expedition until after the full moon. They have sent back as an

answer that they must wait five days, because of this superstition ; and in two days the Persians will be able to march along the military road from Marathon to Athens. The battle must be fought at once, and the Athenians have nowhere to look for allies. Nowhere except to the little State of the Platæans ; but these brave people, hazarding their very existence by one heroic determination, send their whole military force of a thousand men to join the army of Athens. Should Persia triumph, Platæa will be destroyed ; but they do not hesitate, and it is they who are on the left wing. The Athenian *hoplites*, or foot-soldiers—for there are no cavalry—are armed with heavy lances, with shining shields by which, when they stand shoulder to shoulder, they may repel the charge of an enemy—shields to part with which would be not only peril, but dishonour—and with terrible short, broad-bladed swords, pointed and double-edged.

Miltiades has ordered some trees to be cut down, and these, with their boughs trimmed like stakes, form a kind of *abattis*, which will repel the advance of the enemy. But the Persian so far exceeds the Athenian force, that the fight must be swift and sudden, or the host of the invader may swarm upon the Greek position and carry it by sheer weight and impetus of number. The first movement of Miltiades is to extend the front of his army that it may appear equal to that of the Persians, and thus deter them from attempting to attack him at the flanks or extremities. To do this he is obliged to leave his centre weak, for it can only stand with the men four deep. In the Persian army the centre is occupied by the best troops, for this is the place of honour. Thus the opponents face each other for a battle on which the fate of European Greece—nay, perhaps the future fate of Europe itself, is to depend—a battle for home, for country, and for liberty.

The Greek priests have slaughtered the animals for sacrifice, and

are examining the entrails of the slain beasts to see if the signs are propitious for victory. The portent is favourable, and the troops are drawn up in order. Even while the Persians are wondering what that small army will do if they come to close conflict, the whole Greek line moves forward—the Greek war-cry—the pæan—breaks forth in one vast sound of shout and song—and Athenians and Platæans bear down upon the foe at full speed. Is it madness? Is it the courage of despair? The Persians find that it is no fitful onset—the impetuous onslaught takes them by surprise. Their archers have little time to fit their arrows to the string; no time to aim; for the Greeks, fierce and determined, though well-nigh breathless, are close upon them with their swords and bucklers. Even the cavalry cannot beat back that charge at once; but, presently, the Athenian centre is forced to give way. Aristeides and Themistocles have gone thither, but they are repulsed and have to retreat. To retreat, but not to be vanquished; for Miltiades has animated the Platæans and the Athenians on the left, so that they are advancing still; and Callimachus on the right is already driving the Persians before him. The wings of the invading army are being routed; and now is the decisive moment, of which only a great general can take advantage. Miltiades calls back the troops at each extremity of his army from the pursuit, and uniting them in one rapid and resistless force, launches them at the Persian centre, which wavers, breaks, and finally retreats in confusion. The whole invading army is smitten with the panic, and begins to run for the ships, by which alone escape is possible. Numbers of that great host perish in the marshes; numbers are slain upon the shore; 6,400 of these men are left on the plain; and from this day the name of the Mede is to be no longer a terror to the Greek. Of the heroic army of Athens 192 are slain; and in their memory a great tumulus is raised, and ten pillars

are erected on which their names are inscribed, while another tumulus marks the graves of the Platæans, and a monument is raised to Miltiades. Long ere these memorials are begun, however, the victorious general is on the road to Athens, for he has seen the gleam of the shield held up to direct the flying Persians whither to steer to a new attack; and leaving Aristeides with a detachment to guard the rich spoil of tents and baggage left by the retreating foe, scarcely gives time to his brave soldiers to regain their breath, before they are on the homeward march to Athens, flushed with conquest, to complete the story of which the wounded herald had given but the tidings. The Persians in their ships hold off the shore, and from that time seek no more to carry their arms into Greece. Two thousand Spartans appear at Marathon after the battle is over and the victory is won. They are eager to see the bodies of these Persians, whose name has been so long terrible, even to the hardy Lacedæmonian; and having seen, they wonder, and applaud the heroic courage of the Athenians. Among the spoils taken from the Persians is the white marble, which, in their insolence of power, they brought with them for the purpose of erecting a monument of victory; but the marble is carried to Athens, where it is fashioned into a statue of *Nemesis*.





THE
DEFEAT OF THE CARTHAGINIANS AT ZAMA.

MORE than two centuries and a half have passed since the Persians threatened to overrun European Greece and to establish their empire in the West. Alexander of Macedon, the great conqueror, who became the master of Persia, and carried his victorious arms to Babylon and far into India, has been dead a hundred and twenty years, and Greece itself is a mere province of the Eastern kingdoms, waiting anxiously to see what may happen to its disunited states when the two great rivals—Rome and Carthage—shall have fought out the long and bloody conflicts that are known as the Punic Wars. The successive victories of the great African General Hannibal have ended in a series of defeats, and the Roman legions, under the younger Scipio, have won back the whole of Spain, and have entered Africa itself, determined to crush the power of Carthage, which but lately threatened to seize upon Italy and to defy the Roman arms.

It is the year 202 before the Christian era, and in the plain outside the fortified city of Zama—a place which is the occasional residence of the Numidian kings—the two most famous generals of the world have met, at the request of Hannibal—who, till now, has known no rival—to discuss the possibility of a treaty which will end the long and strenuous conflict.

On one side of the level plain, dotted here and there by olive-trees, and with the distant range of hills in sight, stand the stern, fierce, Roman guards attending the young general whose courage

and ability have placed him at the head of the conquering army. As Hannibal approaches beyond the line of his attendants he is grave and thoughtful enough. Not even the strange arms and dresses of the Carthaginians, the Numidians and Moors with their troops of elephants, the ranks of the mixed army which so lately swept onward in Italy, can give him the advantage in this conference, for he comes not to demand, but to plead. The two generals approach, eyeing each other, not with curiosity, but with respect and

“With the stern joy which warriors feel
In foemen worthy of their steel.”

For some time each is silent, Scipio waiting, with something of Roman pride, for the first word. At last the great Carthaginian begins, and his discourse is that of a courtier and a diplomatist rather than of a soldier. He praises his opponent in measured and yet graceful fashion; passes on to earnest allusions to the ravages already caused by the war, and the calamities that both nations have suffered by its continuance; he appeals to the successful general not to be dazzled by the splendour of his recent victories, since he—Hannibal—is an example of the inconstancy of fortune, and Scipio is now in the same proud position which had been his own after Thrasydemus and Cannæ; he urges the conqueror to make better use of his victories than he himself has done, and to consent to a peace now that he is in a position to propose conditions. He concludes by declaring that the Carthaginians will relinquish to the Romans Sicily, Sardinia, Spain, and all the islands between Africa and Italy.

Ever since he was nine years old, and his father, Hamilcar, took him with the Carthaginian army to Spain, after having made him swear that he would be for ever an enemy to the Romans. Hannibal has been foremost in checking the Roman arms. His life

has been passed in camps and battle-fields. An alien from his country, opposed by a powerful rival faction at Carthage, general of a mixed army principally composed of mercenaries, he has yet maintained his power and vindicated his great reputation by the complete authority which he exercises over that vast force of warriors who have fought, and lost or won, battle after battle, in Africa, in Spain, and in Italy. But if Hannibal has been virtually an exile, it is he who has been intrusted with the renown of Carthage ever since he was elected to the supreme command of the army. In the earlier part of his career, when he was but about twenty-five years old, he took town after town from the Spanish inhabitants, only forbearing to lay siege to Saguntum till he was prepared to withstand the Roman force. For Saguntum was protected by treaty, and formed part of the Roman tributary possessions beyond which the Carthaginians dared not to penetrate; but, on the other hand, the Romans themselves had dispossessed the Carthaginians of Sicily on a pretence, and Hannibal doubtless conceived that this was sufficient excuse for him to break all engagements between himself and his hereditary foes whenever he had the opportunity. Saguntum was the only town in Spain south of the Ebro which had not yielded to his victorious arms; and when the time came he at once attacked it before the inhabitants succeeded in obtaining help from Rome. It took eight months to destroy this city, so desperate was its resistance; and the Roman Senate were all that time engaged in discussions on the question of what should be done, and who should be sent to its relief.

At last the Romans awoke, and in a rage of grief, self-reproach, and fury, ambassadors were sent to Carthage to demand the surrender of Hannibal and his principal officers. The Carthaginians tried to persuade them that the siege of Saguntum was no breach of the

treaty. "We will not discuss that question," said Marcus Fabius Buteo, one of the embassy, holding up the folds of his toga; "but here in my lap I hold peace or war. Choose which you will have." "Whichever you please," returned one of the Carthaginian senators, haughtily. "War, then!" said Fabius, shaking out the folds of his toga. "We receive it cheerfully!" was the reply of the Carthaginians.

Thus the second Punic War began, and began, too, with an enterprise such as the world had never seen: for Hannibal prepared to cross the Alps, and thence to descend into Piedmont to assail the enemy in the heart of Italy. He left the command of the forces in Spain to his brother-in-law, Asdrubal, with a fleet of sixty ships to guard the coast, and then proceeded on his desperate enterprise—to cross the Pyrenees with his own army, push his way to the Rhône, and passing it, to scale the Alps. After solemn prayers and vows, the young general, then in his twenty-ninth year, set out from Carthagena—the town in Spain which was called after Carthage—with an army of 90,000 Spanish and Libyan foot and 12,000 horse, of whom, however, only 50,000 foot and 9,000 horse got further than the Pyrenees, the remainder being left behind either to hold securely the Celtiberian tribes north of the Ebro, or because they shrank from the difficulties which confronted them. From the Pyrenees to the Rhône the march was easy. Hannibal had set out in the spring, and the Romans, knowing nothing of his energy, had sent the consul, Tiberius Sempronius, with an army into Sicily to invade Africa, and a second army to Cisalpine Gaul, so that it was late in the summer before Publius Cornelius Scipio—the father of the general who is now standing before Hannibal at Zama—set sail from Pisa to conduct the war in Spain. On landing with his sea-sick army at Marseilles, he heard that Hannibal, against whom he was sent, had disappeared and was on the

banks of the Rhône. The only plan left him was to send his own army to Spain, under the command of his brother, Cneius Cornelius Scipio Calvas, and to hasten back to Rome to raise fresh levies in order to meet the Carthaginians when they had crossed the Alps.

Thus left unopposed, Hannibal hastened along the banks of the Iser towards the snowy barrier of Italy. It was in the month of October that they began the ascent. The troops were exposed to considerable cold, and before they could commence their toil were compelled to defend themselves against the Alpine tribes, who regarded them with dread—but yet offered a desperate resistance—fearing that the advancing host would eat up all their provisions and leave them destitute.

Of that amazing journey of a great army, with horses, elephants, and baggage, across a mountain chain at a point where they had to toil upward through defiles and rocky passes, incessantly assailed by the mountaineers, who attacked them in flying bodies, or hurled masses of rock upon them from the heights—wonderful stories are told.*

It was only with almost incredible courage, patience, and labour that the fifteen days' journey was effected. Nine of these days were spent in the ascent, two on the icy summit amid the snow, where the horses' feet froze in the yielding roads, and four in passing down to the fertile plains, by the sight of which the men were cheered. To reach them by descending the rugged steeps the pioneers had to make a more level road by means of felling trees and setting them on fire to loosen the ice and snow, which were then removed with pick and shovel, a path being cut in the rock itself.

* Whether Hannibal passed over at what is now called the Great St. Bernard, or at the Little St. Bernard, is disputed; but the arguments are in favour of the latter.

It is no wonder that this march of Hannibal should have made his name famous, for it was an unmatched achievement. The passage of the river by means of rafts covered with earth in order to deceive the elephants, who would not otherwise have ventured on the floating bridge; the progress through a barbarous and half-hostile territory, and the final effort by which the frozen mountain chain was passed, and the army of lean and famished men, whose ranks were thinned to 20,000 Libyan and Spanish foot and 6,000 Numidian and Carthaginian horse, came down like a torrent upon the country of the Cisalpine Gauls, made a series of triumphs. After a brief season of rest in the plains of Piedmont, it was necessary to begin the subjugation of the people, who refused to ally themselves with the invaders, and the victorious standard was placed before the chief city,—Taurini,* which was taken, and its inhabitants slain. The neighbouring Gauls therefore gave in their allegiance to the conquerors, but those of the more distant country refused, for the Romans were already approaching. The first battle on the Ticinus, which Scipio had crossed by a bridge of boats, was in favour of the Carthaginians, and Sempronius was hastening from Sicily to join Scipio, and to save the credit of Rome. The Roman forces united at Placentia,† on the right bank of the Trebia, and Scipio, who was wounded and had been only rescued from death by his son, the younger Scipio (then seventeen years of age), gave up the command to his colleague, the hot-headed Sempronius, who was in such haste to attack the enemy that he caused his men to ford the river before breakfast on a cold morning in mid-winter. They went bravely across breast-deep, and were met by Hannibal's men, who had had a hearty meal, and had oiled their bodies as they sat around their camp fires. The Romans were vanquished with great slaughter, the two consuls were able to escape only with

* Turin.

† Piacenza.

the wreck of the army, and Hannibal became master of Cisalpine Gaul.

In the spring of the following year (217 b.c.) he crossed the Apennines and marched into Italy through the marshes of Etruria, a route by which the anxious Romans had not expected him, and one so unhealthy that the exhalations from the swamps in a bad season caused the death of numbers of his men and all his elephants but one, while he himself lost the sight of one eye through exposure during the nights that he was keeping close and careful watch.

After a victory, in which the Roman army was almost cut to pieces, Fabius, who had returned with fresh levies, marched into Apulia, where Hannibal was resting, to allow his men to recover from their fatigues, amidst such feasting and revelry that the Africans were said to have bathed their horses in wine to restore their strength and to make their coats shine. Fabius would not risk a battle, but was ever on the watch; and when Hannibal moved his forces, followed him from place to place, through Apulia and Samnium, but never could succeed in striking a blow, whence he obtained the name of *Cunctator*, or “The Hesitator.”

When his term of office expired, however, Paullus, the patrician, and Varro, the butcher’s son, set out from Rome at the head of 87,000 men to the plain of Cannæ, on the sea-coast, where Hannibal had seized the Roman magazines of grain and provisions. The Carthaginians were but 50,000, but they had splendid cavalry, and their general was more than a match for the pro-consuls. After a fearful battle, in which Hannibal was confident of victory, 40,000 Romans were left dead on the field, Paullus was slain, and Varro with difficulty escaped with the remnant of the army. Hannibal might have pushed on to Rome, but he probably knew too well the spirit of the Roman people to run such a risk; and taking advantage

of the victory, which had shaken the allegiance of the Italian States, he entered into the soft and luxurious repose of Capua, where, however, he spent the winter in vigilant efforts to increase the disaffection of the South Italians against Rome, and to promote the Carthaginian interest in the wars that were going on in Sicily, Sardinia, and Spain. But Hannibal was far from the country in whose interest he was acting. The Carthaginians, who were a commercial, a maritime, a trading people, had but partial sympathy with his military successes; and the niggardliness of the Government was increased by a faction which was always opposed to the family of which Hannibal was the great representative. He was alone with his generals and his army, and could not hold many places at one time, while Rome was slowly but surely putting forth a strong organisation, which was gradually closing round the conqueror.

Some desultory engagements—the taking of Tarentum being the most important event—occupied two years, and then the Romans closed upon Capua and upon Syracuse. The end of the Carthaginian domination was not far off. Capua surrendered—the greater part of Sicily recovered—Syracuse taken—it was only in Spain that the Romans had been losing ground.

For six years, the two brothers Scipio had maintained the contest, but now they had both been killed in a battle with Asdrubal Barca, the brother-in-law of Hannibal, and Caius Nero was then made pro-prætor. But it was rumoured that Asdrubal Barca would soon join Hannibal in Italy, and it became necessary to find some general whose skill would detain him in Spain. Who would undertake the difficult task of the pro-consulship? None offered himself but Publius Scipio, the younger son of Publius Cornelius Scipio, who had been with his father when Hannibal came down upon Piedmont. It was a bold offer; but young Scipio was already a marked

character. Proud, aristocratic, the “gentlest of all the Romans,” yet with a serene and lofty courage, distinguished no less for his mental ability than for his beauty of person, he was elected at once to the post of honour, and, with a considerable force, set out for Spain.

He began by besieging and taking New Carthage, the capital of the enemy’s dominion, and completed his victory by so conciliating and delighting the Spaniards that he was able actively to consolidate the Roman powers. Asdrubal might have exerted an effective counter-influence, but he was obliged to set out for Italy, where Hannibal had gained a series of desultory victories. The Roman exchequer was almost exhausted, the price of corn had risen to twelve times the usual sum, and the allegiance of the Etruscan and Latin colonies was wavering. The news of the approach of Asdrubal caused a shudder of alarm. Hannibal was waiting at Bruttium for intelligence of his arrival, when one day a head, covered with blood, was brought to his tent. It had been flung into the camp on the previous night, and as he gazed on the ghastly features, he saw that it was the head of his brother Asdrubal, and, with gloomy brow and stricken face, he ejaculated, “I see the doom of Carthage!” Asdrubal had arrived in Italy, and had despatched six swift Numidian couriers with a letter to Hannibal, telling him by what way he should come. The couriers had been intercepted by Caius Nero, the new pro-prætor, who at once marched northward, joined his colleague Livius, and uniting their forces, fell upon the army of Asdrubal, who was slain in the defeat that ensued. From that day the fortunes of Carthage waned.

In Spain the Carthaginian generals received orders to retire; for Scipio had carried all before him, was made consul, and now meditated the invasion of Africa. The Senate of Rome reluctantly permitted him to set out for Carthaginia, with a fleet and forces raised chiefly through his own exertions. The campaign was a short

one, for, after ravaging the country, Scipio laid siege to Utica. Hasdrubal, Gisco, and Syphax took the field against him, but he, the gentle patrician, adopted a horrible plan for their destruction. Having heard that the huts in which the Carthaginians were encamped were built of reeds, leaves, and thatch, they were set on fire in the night, and the Carthaginians were cut down as they endeavoured to escape from the flames, only a remnant of the forces escaping with Syphax and Gisco; so that it is said, by this grim and mighty murder 50,000 men perished, and the army of Carthage was destroyed at a time when, under a pretence of negotiation, their suspicions were set at rest.

Nothing remained but to summon Hannibal from Italy, and he received the orders with grief, and almost with anguish; but he was too great a man to disobey, and embarked at once from the country where he had been engaged for fifteen active—and to him glorious—years. He was in the prime of youth when he had crossed the Alps, and now, as he stands on the plain of Zama, confronting the young victorious Roman general, he is but forty-four years old. A man of great accomplishments, great dignity, great courtesy and address; the commander with whose name the world of Europe has been ringing wherever the news from Italy, Africa, France, and Spain has travelled. But he can no longer carry on the unequal contest. Spain subdued, the army destroyed, Syphax taken prisoner—the Carthaginian Senate has entered into negotiations with the conqueror, and is ready to accept whatever terms he may propose.

Alas! in the sudden flush of reviving courage that the presence of Hannibal has inspired, the truce has been broken by the sudden seizure by the Carthaginians of a convoy of provisions for the Roman army. It is on this breach of faith that Scipio fixes as he regards the great man who stands before him.

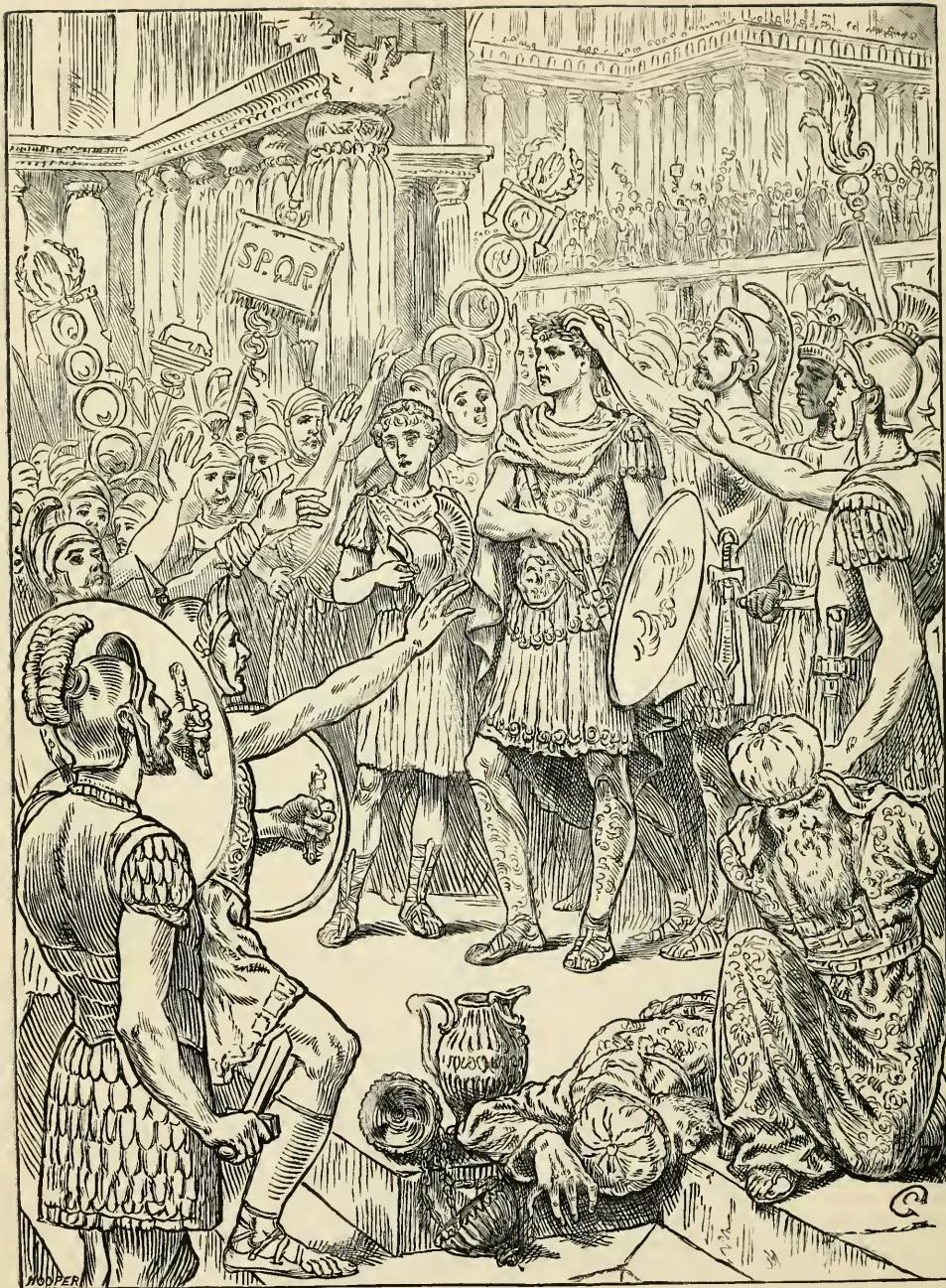
His answer is a stern, proud reminder of the perfidy of the Carthaginians in plundering the Roman galleys during a truce. He points out that the taking of Saguntum, and those calamities caused by the war, to which Hannibal has referred, were the result of Carthaginian injustice. He concludes with lofty but courteous thanks for the admonitions with which the great general has favoured him concerning the uncertainty of human events, and with a decided intimation that Hannibal must prepare for battle unless he chooses to accept the conditions already proposed, to which some others will be added in consequence of the violation of the truce. The conditions are hard enough. All prisoners and deserters are to be given up; the armies of Carthage recalled from Italy and Gaul, shall never again set foot in Spain, and shall retire from the islands between Italy and Africa; the whole Carthaginian fleet, except twenty vessels, is to be given to the victor, and 500,000 bushels of wheat, 300,000 of barley, and 15,000 talents shall be paid to the Romans. Hannibal's brow darkens, his lips close; he cannot submit to such ignominious terms, and, even against his own prevision, he will risk one more battle. It is for the mastery of the world. Each general retires, and tells this to his troops, alluding to the victories they have gained; but the Carthaginians have already given evidence of their weakness by suing for peace, while the Romans are elated.

The two armies are drawn up in battle array,* and the last conflict of the long war begins. Profiting by former experience and observation, Scipio disposes the portion of his troops which will be opposed to the elephants in open order, so that the huge beasts may pass between the ranks without doing so much havoc, and the general disposition of the Roman forces is such as to show consummate

* Probably not at Zama, but at Naraggara, on the River Bagradas.

generalship. The battle is, in fact, a duel between two armies and two generals ; but, after an obstinate engagement, the Carthaginians give way, and begin to retreat in disorder, leaving a large number of slain and an enormous body of prisoners. It is on the 19th of October, 202 b.c., that this final victory is gained, and with it ends the Second Punic War, after which Scipio is named *Africanus* and “The Great”—the first general to whom the Romans gave the name of the place which he had conquered. At the end of the campaign he retires from political life, too proud to take part in the discussions of the Forum ; but Hannibal, no longer a warrior, takes a conspicuous place as a statesman, and endeavours, but with little success, to reform the corrupt government of a country which is henceforward to be subservient to Rome.





TITUS PROCLAIMED "IMPERATOR."



THE FALL OF JERUSALEM.

TITUS Imperator! Titus Imperator!” The cry is that of the Roman legions; the time is in the fourth month in the seventieth year of our Lord; the place is the eastern gate of the Temple at Jerusalem, the last remaining portion of the sacred building. Here the conqueror has placed his standards. Amidst the flames that are enwrapping the hill and consuming the holy place, the shrieks of the wounded, the clash of arms, the groans of prisoners, the howling and execration of hosts of spectators in the streets and on the hills surrounding the city, heathen sacrifices have been performed by the son of Vespasian. With the deliberate confidence that, in spite of renewed and obstinate resistance, the Roman power will crush the Jewish nation, as it has already crushed the Gaul, the conqueror patiently resumes the work of destruction. For the word of the Lord has already begun to be verified—nay, is going on towards completion, even though ages may elapse before its final fulfilment. “Thine enemies shall cast a trench about thee, and compass thee around, and shall keep thee on every side, and shall lay thee even with the ground, and thy children within thee, and they shall not leave within thee one stone on another.” Jerusalem is to be “trodden down of the Gentiles, till the times of the Gentiles be fulfilled.”

This is the sixth time that the Jewish capital has been captured—and the second time that it has been destroyed. When it again rises from its ashes it will be by the hands of the Roman colonists, and not by the hands of its own people: for there will be no longer either

Jew or Gentile, bond or free, in the new world that is to arise out of the dispersion of the Jews, and, with them, the apostles and disciples of Christ. The Roman Empire, with its strong and long-reaching arm, will seem for a time to dominate the world; but a kingdom which is not of this world—a kingdom of heaven—which shall sway the hearts and consciences of men, has already sprung into existence, and will go on conquering and to conquer, by the might and the power of Him who is called Jesus of Nazareth by Jew and Roman, but who is known to His disciples of either nation as the Messias—the Redeemer—the Christ—the Son of God. Two years ago, in 67 and 68, Vespasian—who was then general, but not emperor—completed the conquest of Galilee by the capture of Jotapata, where he was opposed by Josephus, the famous historian, who, after his defeat, joined the Imperial fortunes, first as a prisoner and then as a favourite, and changed his name to Titus Flavius. Joppa, the only Jewish seaport, was also taken, and most of the inhabitants perished, either in the general massacre or by a storm which overtook the ships to which they retreated. Yet Vespasian, whose tactics were cautious, waited to make a sure campaign against the close and almost impregnable city of Jerusalem. He conferred first with the tetrarch Agrippa of Cæsarea-Philippi (the Agrippa before whom Paul was taken), and was entertained at a number of sumptuous banquets. In the August of 67, Tiberias was stormed by Vespasian; by the end of the year all Northern Palestine had fallen into the hands of the invaders, and John of Giscala, one of the leaders of the *Zealots*, who refused to yield to the Roman arms, sought refuge in Jerusalem. With flames and bloodshed the district beyond Jordan was afterwards ravaged, on the one hand; and on the other, from Jericho, Vespasian advanced to Cæsarea. Then came the period when Vespasian was called to the Empire, and left to Titus the charge of the war in Palestine,

which the latter set himself to complete with an obstinate patience and determination that, while it frequently offered clemency as the price of submission, laid stroke after stroke upon the doomed city with unshrinking if not remorseless vigour.

But it was not the Roman invasion alone which carried strife, bloodshed, and tumult into Jerusalem. The Zealots, though the minority, were fierce fanatics, and were opposed, not only to the Romans, but to the internal Government, and aimed at superseding and exterminating their rivals. They introduced bands of rioters into the streets, under the guidance of the demagogue Eleazar; seized the persons of some of the principal nobility; declared several priesthoods vacant, and conferred them on their own followers; seized the strong enclosure of the Temple, and eventually rushed out, and, assisted by a mercenary band of ruffians and banditti, whom they contrived to admit to the city, massacred the opposing force of the Jewish rulers, and seized the reins of government. They thought that they should be able to erect themselves once more as an independent nation; but the Imperial organisations of Vespasian had crushed their efforts in Rome, in Alexandria, and other places, and they met with no response out of Palestine. Eleazar, at the head of the residents in Jerusalem, held the inner enclosure of the Temple; John of Giscala, who objected to the late assassinations, occupied the position recently held by Ananus and the Government troops, and Simon of Bargiora was posted on the hill of Zion. The Temple was the stronghold, and, after many efforts and secret stratagems, John assassinated his powerful rival, and took possession of the whole building and the eminence on which it stood. Thenceforth the contest was between him and Simon, and they only suspended hostilities when the Roman host was near the city walls.

With the closing days of the year 69, the Empire had been

won for the Flavian family; and Titus, with four legions of soldiers, twenty cohorts of auxiliaries, and eight squadrons of cavalry—in all 80,000 men—commenced his attack on the four miles of exterior defences which surrounded Jerusalem, and behind which were 24,000 well-trained, well-armed soldiers, supported by a multitude of fierce and determined irregular combatants, who on every emergency rushed to man the forts or sally from the gates. Not without close and deadly conflict could he force the Jews to keep inside the walls. The refugees from Galilee, Perea, and Samaria, and the influx of Paschal worshippers, made up a large population who were enclosed within the Holy City, of which, perhaps, the Temple itself, with its great outer court lined with double or triple porticos, and its inner area subdivided into four compartments, was the most difficult fortification. Both the Temple and the palace of the kings of Judea were far superior in size and magnificence to any buildings in Rome; while Jerusalem itself, upon which many despots had lavished wealth, much surpassed Rome in grandeur, though it fell far short of it in size and population. Under cover of hurdles and skins stretched on frames, the Romans advanced to fill up the ditch of the outer wall with fascines, and to heap huge mounds of earth, supported by stones and stakes, to the height of the ramparts, in order to hurl missiles into the city, but the Jews overthrew or set on fire these structures, and then sallied forth, and gaining the rear of the Roman camp, destroyed the munitions of war. The mode of attack was changed for the mine and the battering-ram, but the chambers excavated beneath the wall were countermined; furious conflicts took place in subterranean darkness, and wild bears and swarms of bees were let loose on the assailants. But the Romans with renewed energy and patience plied the battering-ram; and, while boiling water

and oil, stones and darts, were in vain forced down upon the covers which protected them, the massive wall crumbled and fell, and they stood within the outer line of defence.

Inside Jerusalem the Zealots and their enemies joined their forces to repel the enemy, and those inhabitants who would have submitted, or have left the city, could do neither under the fierce domination which led to war within as well as without the walls. Josephus, the renegade who had submitted to Vespasian, and became a kind of ambassador, was sent by Titus to parley at the gates, but he was driven away by bow-shots before he could be heard. After six weeks' toil the Romans were still only at the second rampart. It was then that Titus finished his circumvallation, a work which was completed in three days. Famine was added to slaughter, for no supplies could come in to feed the multitudes. Crowds threw themselves without the gates, imploring to be allowed to depart unarmed and unprovided, but the Romans sternly refused. The captives were hung upon crosses round the walls; the shrieking fugitives fell back. Pestilence followed famine, but the chiefs and the soldiers maintained their dogged resolution. Amidst the wailings of seers and priests the daily prayers and the daily sacrifice were still offered at the Temple. The horrors of famine increased, and the Zealots snatched from the people all that they could obtain to support the army. It began to be remembered how fearful portents had been seen in the heavens; how falling stars had appeared and vanished; how the shadowy figures of men and chariots had seemed to fight battles in the air; how the gates of the Temple had burst open of their own accord; and on the Day of Pentecost an awful voice had been heard exclaiming—"Let us depart hence!" But the fanatics and the Zealots declared that at the crisis of their sufferings

the turning-point would come, when the prophecy should be fulfilled that the East should grow in power, and that from Judea men should go forth to rule the world. This prophecy was adopted by the Romans as pointing to Vespasian and Titus, who left Judea to assume the Empire. The Christians, on the other hand, referred it to the Messiahship; and, indeed, only a few weeks before, a band of the disciples of Christ had gone forth from Jerusalem and Judea for the moral conquest of the Empire and the world. Again the Roman assault was resisted with unwearied courage and determination by John and Simon, but the fortress of Antonia was at last taken by surprise, and the legions of Titus occupied the fort overlooking the Temple. The siege had already lasted three months, and it took seven days more to destroy the outworks and the citadel, and to demolish the lower city. Then Titus relaxed his severity. Those who submitted were spared, but numbers fled for refuge to the Temple and Mount Zion; the defenders of Jerusalem refused to give way, and even poured showers of stones and darts upon their own countrymen who, at the instigation of Titus and Josephus, went to the gate to pray them to yield to the clemency of the conqueror. The Temple itself had now become a fortress and little more. The Holy of Holies was profaned by the presence of the defenders, who with blood-stained hands polluted the golden vines and the golden table. From one remaining turret of Antonia, Titus in vain expostulated with his opponents, and finally gave the signal for assault. Time after time the assailants attempted to scale the ramparts, but they were driven back headlong and with slaughter. Fire, however, might do what besiegers and engines of war failed to accomplish. The burning brands flung into the enclosure wrapped in flames the northern portico. John and Simon, with their followers, retreated to the upper

city, breaking the causeway behind them; but the priests, the women, and the unarmed people remained, and seeing in the flames a barrier between them and the enemy, supposed that they would be delivered by a miracle, and crowded the second enclosure. The solid outer walls of masonry defied the engines of the Romans, but the soldiers scaled the walls to be once more hurled back by one fierce and resolute band which alone remained. Again fire was brought to the gates; the silver plates that encased them melted, and the flames licked and consumed the regal porch of Herod, which blazed from end to end. Titus called his chiefs together—he was anxious to save the sanctuary. He ordered the flames to be quenched; but while his soldiers strove to check them, the Jews rushed from their stronghold in a last desperate encounter, and were swept from the court by a charge of cavalry. As the gates closed behind them a Roman, climbing on his comrade's shoulders, flung a blazing brand through a latticed opening. The flames shot upward, amidst shrieks and groans from the parapets. Titus still desired to save the inner sanctuary, but the soldiers were already rushing headlong in—hewing their way through the living mass. The stairs of the holy place ran with torrents of blood, and were covered with dead. The women and children, the old and helpless, had gathered round the altar, and there were slain before Titus, forcing his way through fire, smoke, and carnage, reached the Holy of Holies, and for a moment gazed on the ornaments and the mysterious wonders of the sacred place. To save it from the fire, he turned, and with voice, and even with blows, strove to turn his men back as they surged onwards in the fury of conquest and of vengeance; but they too had seen the glint of gold and silver—they had heard of unimaginable riches, and who could stay them? While he was remonstrating with them,

a soldier—who had entered with him as he pushed beyond the veil—stayed at the door, to which he applied a torch, and the place was enveloped in flames. It only remained to subdue the upper city. And now that Jerusalem is taken, and the cry of “*Titus Imperator!*” rings out, famine will do its work there, and the Jews will be slaughtered by an armed band of their own desperadoes who have seized the palace and the treasure. In a few days—five months and a half after the first investment—Jerusalem will cease to exist; and for forty years to come there will be little to interest the world in the history of the chosen people which has ceased to be a nation, and is scattered abroad over the earth. The ruins of Jerusalem will be occupied by a Roman garrison to prevent any attempt to rebuild the city. The tax imposed by Vespasian will be exacted by his immediate successors, who will hate, and even fear, more than they will despise the Jews, and will subject them to hardships which will only be mitigated under a milder rule. Yet large communities of the scattered nation will be formed afresh in Palestine, though they will be forbidden to approach the site of the Holy City, of which the remnants only exist.

Then, in A.D. 131, Adrian, who has heard of some movement among the Jews of Palestine, Syria, and perhaps of Spain, to take a favourable opportunity for attempting to throw off the Roman yoke, will begin to rebuild the holy places and convert them into forts and defences for repressing the surrounding people; and there will arise one Barchochebas, who, claiming to be the Messiah, will lead a fiery band of enthusiasts to temporary victory over the legions who are building, on the sacred sites, places where they may set up images of heathen gods. They will take the Holy City, but, unable to hold it against the tremendous power of Rome, will be driven forth to the final dispersion of their nation, while in

Jerusalem, re-named *Ælia Capitolina*, a temple of Jupiter Capitolanus will be built on Mount Moriah. For 400 years it will be known as *Ælia*, even until the days when Imperial Rome shall have passed away, and the Mohammedans, having retaken the city from the Crusaders, will name it *El Khuds*, or “The Holy.” But it will not be so known amongst Christians, to whom it is a place full of sacred associations. It will enter on a new history from the accession of Constantine, as the scene to which pious pilgrimages are made. The Empress Helena, the mother of Constantine, will go thither when she is eighty years old, and will cause churches to be built on the supposed site of the house of the Nativity at Bethlehem, and of the Resurrection on the Mount of Olives. Constantine himself will remove and destroy the temple of Venus—which, with studied insult, had been built on the site of the Holy Sepulchre—will purify the place, and occupy it with a church of more than ordinary magnificence—a church which will be dedicated with solemn rites in the year 335

Once a year the Jews will be permitted to visit their former city to wail over its destruction and the desolation of the Temple; and twenty-seven years later the nephew of Constantine, Julian (“The Apostate”), will, in his opposition to Christianity, invite them back, with leave to rebuild their temples; but before the foundations are completed, a subterraneous explosion will alarm the workmen from their task, which, on the death of the emperor, will not be completed, and the edict excluding the Jews except on one day in the year will be resumed. Then for centuries the road to Zion will be the resort of bands of pilgrims, and the Holy City, which under the rule of Justinian in 527 will have been enriched with a splendid church on Mount Moriah, and with numerous convents and a hospital both at Jerusalem and at Jericho, will reach another period of prosperity under the sanction of Christian rulers,

But these days will last only till the year 614, when the Persians, who have been harassing the eastern empire, will come down into Syria and take the city by storm, slaying the inhabitants, destroying the churches, and taking away many prisoners, and among them the patriarch. Peace will be restored, Heraclian will enter Jerusalem in solemn state, and the churches will be rebuilt; but, like the Jews who have been scattered and their nationality destroyed, the city is to have no abiding history. What the Persians have failed to do, the Arabians, under Khalif Omar, will accomplish. Another siege, which will last a year, and the surrender of Jerusalem to the Moslem in 637 will be complete. In his garment of camel's hair the conqueror will enter the city, but not to destroy. The superb mosque which is to bear his name for centuries will be built on Mount Moriah, and the pilgrims who visit the holy places will see the signs of the Moslem rule in the place of the Christian, till, in the year 1000, a general belief that the second coming of the Saviour is at hand will induce vast numbers to go thither, when the demand of tribute, and the insults to which the pious pilgrims are exposed from the Turk, will excite the indignation of Europe, and a light will be put to the torch which is to fire the religious ardour of kings and warriors, and to lead to the sad story of fervour and fanaticism, piety and hypocrisy, courage and cupidity, which will be known by the name of "the Crusades."





CONSTANTINE DEDICATING CONSTANTINOPLE.



THE DEDICATION OF CONSTANTINOPLE.

T is the 11th of May, in the year of our Lord 330, at the ancient Byzantium, that old Greek city built by a forgotten tribe on the easternmost of the seven hills on the shore of the Bosphorus—the city which was once notorious for the license and drunkenness of its people; the city the wonderful solid fortifications of which were destroyed by Severus, when he took it nearly 150 years before; the city the inhabitants of which were taunted by Vespasian, who said that they had “forgotten to be free;” but the city to which in later times Christian apostles have carried the word that makes men both free and alive, and therefore with a Christian Church and community to take part in the solemn dedication that is being made on this most memorable day. For Byzantium is to be obscure no longer, but the New Rome—the city of the Great Emperor Constantine, who, having become a Christian, has effected that which will be spoken of for century after century as a universal blessing, as a doubtful good, or even as an almost unmixed evil to the world—namely, the junction of the Christian orders of government—bishops, priests, and deacons—with the secular powers of the empire; the combination of the hierarchy with the throne; the union of Church and State. It is one result of this union, and of his making this alliance, that the old Rome, long deserted even by the Emperors of the West, is left with the remnant of its paganism, its heathen symbols, its temples and its statues, and a new capital is founded in the West under the

name of Constantinople. For two years past (since 336), the building has been going on, and what was once the Byzantium of the eastern hill has disappeared in the glories of the city, where no pagan temple has been erected, and the forum of which occupies the second hill, while the enclosure made by the walls spans the peninsula from near the end of the old bridge to the mouth of the Lycus. To found, and afterwards to raise, these walls has been the labour of nearly 40,000 Goths, whose seven cohorts of about 5,000 men each have been separated by the seven gates, and who now have their quarters outside the precincts of the orthodox (for they are Arians), beyond the columns that mark the city boundary, and are therefore to be known hereafter as the Exokionitæ, a noble guild to belong to which will one day be a distinction.

But in this solemn dedication they perhaps may join, though they take no part in the ceremony, for the dedication is to the Virgin, and is celebrated entirely by ecclesiastics—by bishops, priests, and clergy—with solemn chants and service of the Church, as that Church has ordained its service since it has become a spiritual authority in conjunction with the kingdoms of the world—a hierarchy, co-operative with, but yet distinct from, the imperial rule. This establishment of a new imperial city is in itself a great historical event, for under Constantine is united for a short time the Eastern and the Western empire, soon to be again sundered and to crumble in the ruins of that imperial power which will afterwards become a vain shadow before the rising realities of the new world.

It is difficult to say whether Constantine has so closely observed the vast influence of Christianity, and the power which it must eventually exercise, as to regard an alliance of the secular with the spiritual power as the best security for the empire which he has succeeded in restoring; but it may be asserted that the intensity of that influence, and the indestructible nature of the power which

dominated the whole lives of those who formed the Church, have survived persecution, change of dynasty, civil tumult, and even the apparently inevitable dismemberment of the empire itself. That which at no distant day will be called “the fatal gift of Constantine,” when the Church itself will be in danger of losing its true supremacy, by a secular alliance which will threaten to overbear its truth and faithfulness, with the force of worldly ambition and the accumulation of material wealth, is in some sense a turning-point in history; but it would be an error to regard the establishment of the Church by imperial authority as the actual establishment of the Christian religion. The attitude of the hierarchy towards the world will be altered; many fervent men who have “fought the good fight” will be grieved to think that this attitude has changed to the injury of the Church itself. It must be remembered, however, that if the alliance had not then been effected it would probably never have happened at all. None of the successors of Constantine will have the power, even if they have the ability, and, under a directing Providence, it will be by the wide sagacity of Constantine, as well as by his vigorous grasp of an empire which only he can hold together, that the first nationalisation of the new religion will be effected. It is worthy of attention that Constantine is the son of Constantius Chlorus, who was appointed by Diocletian to the military government of the extreme West, including Spain, Gaul, and Britain; that at twenty-two years old he was made a tribune of the first rank for his services in the war in Egypt; that his grand and majestic presence, his skill as a general, and his personal abilities and temper, made him the favourite of his soldiers; and that the constant danger to which he was exposed in the court of a jealous sovereign developed a natural caution and discretion which continued to be his characteristics. On the abdication of Diocletian and Maximian, Galerius

succeeded to the Eastern throne, and Constantius to the West; but Constantine was still at the court of the former, and it was not without great difficulty that he at last obtained leave to join his father, with whom he set out for Britain. It is doubtless to his association with this country that the early introduction—or at least the further establishment—of Christianity at an early period in Britain is to be attributed, for it appears that he was, even then, so disposed to regard the new religion with favour that he treated its followers with remarkable toleration. The death of Constantius, at York, in 306, was followed by the enthusiastic election of Constantine to the throne by the voice of the army. He accepted the honour with apparent reluctance, writing a politic letter to Galerius, regretting that he could not wait for the Imperial approbation before assuming the Cæsarian purple, and begging that he might be allowed to succeed his father in the title of "Augustus." Galerius refused the title, and was furious with jealousy at the request; but Constantine appeared to be satisfied with the position of Cæsar, and continued to discharge his duties with consummate skill and prudence.

The system devised by Diocletian of dividing the imperial power by appointing Cæsars and Augustuses—who bore rule in their various districts—led to internal dissensions, which ended in a revolt at Rome against Galerius, and the partition of the empire amongst six persons, who soon strove with each other for supremacy. Galerius, Licinus, and Maximin were in the East; Maximian, Maxentius, and Constantine in the West. Maximian was the father of Maxentius and the father-in-law of Constantine, who had married his daughter at Arles, and had, at the same time, received the title of Augustus. Maxentius claimed the right of sovereignty in Italy, and, with the help of the Praetorian guard, drove his father from Rome, to find refuge first in Illyricum, whence he

was soon dismissed by Galerius, and afterwards with Constantine, in whose absence he was afterwards tempted into a plot, by which, in conjunction with Maxentius, he could overthrow his son-in-law. Constantine, wise and deliberate in counsel, but prompt and decisive in action, heard of this treachery, appeared before Arles with a large and effective army, and followed Maximian to Marseilles, where the towns-people gave up the treacherous usurper, who, to avoid execution, committed suicide. The death of Maximian was followed by an attempt of Maxentius to invade Gaul. Constantine anticipated him by crossing Mont Cenis, and appearing in the plains of Piedmont, reached the Milvian bridge near Rome, where he defeated the main body of troops, and was able to enter the capital. In the hasty retreat of his troops, Maxentius was pressed over the bridge into the river, and was drowned. Galerius died in May, 311; and Maximin, who endeavoured to wrest the purple from his rival Licinus, was defeated near Heraclea, fled to Tarsus, and in the August of 313 died there, probably by his own hand. Licinus, who had married Constantia, the sister of Constantine, was therefore sole emperor in the East, and might have remained so, but for a war which broke out between the two from unexplained causes; but, as it would appear, from some attempt on the part of Licinus. Constantine was again victorious, but consented to a peace on condition that he should include Illyricum, Pannonia, and Greece in the western territory. For nine years the treaty was observed; but Licinus, weak, indolent, and cruel, found his power diminishing before the wise, vigorous, but still tolerant and humane policy of his brother-in-law, whose attention was given more to the establishment of laws which would improve and protect his subjects than to the means by which he could keep them in submission. In 323 the struggle for the mastery of the whole empire, became inevitable; and on the 3rd of July, 323, Licinus was totally

defeated at Adrianople, an event which was quickly followed by the siege of Byzantium, in which Crispus (Constantine's son) entered the Hellespont in command of the fleet, and gained a signal victory over the admiral of Licinus. In a final battle at Chrysopolis (afterwards to be known to the world as Scutari), Licinus was finally defeated, and fled to Nicomedia. His life was promised, on the intercession of his wife Constantia; but the promise was afterwards broken, and he was put to death at Thessalonica, in the following year, on the report of a conspiracy which was never proved to have existed.

Constantine was now sole master—Emperor of the Eastern and the Western world—and his power was less that of a conqueror than of an enlightened and politic sovereign, against whose wise rule no serious opposition would be likely to be made. He had then gone beyond the mere toleration or even the favourable protection of Christianity, for he had professed himself to be a Christian; and one of the early acts of his reign was the convocation of the Nicæan Council in 325. But alas! the following year—in which he was in Rome, for the purpose of celebrating the twentieth anniversary of his accession to the Cæsarship—was the date of that dark story, the details of which cannot well be unravelled—the story of the accusation of Crispus by his mother, Fausta; of his banishment and subsequent execution at Istria; of the death, on the same charge, of his cousin Licinus and some of the courtiers; and finally, of the mysterious and sudden death—as, some say, the suffocation in her bath by the emperor's order—of Fausta herself. The whole dreadful tragedy, contradictory as the professed narratives are, remains a foul blot upon the memory of Constantine the Great, and, at the time, struck with horror the minds and hearts of some of those who had come to regard him as the noblest convert to whom the Church could look with worldly if not with heavenly hope.

For it was after the victory at the Milvian Bridge, in October,

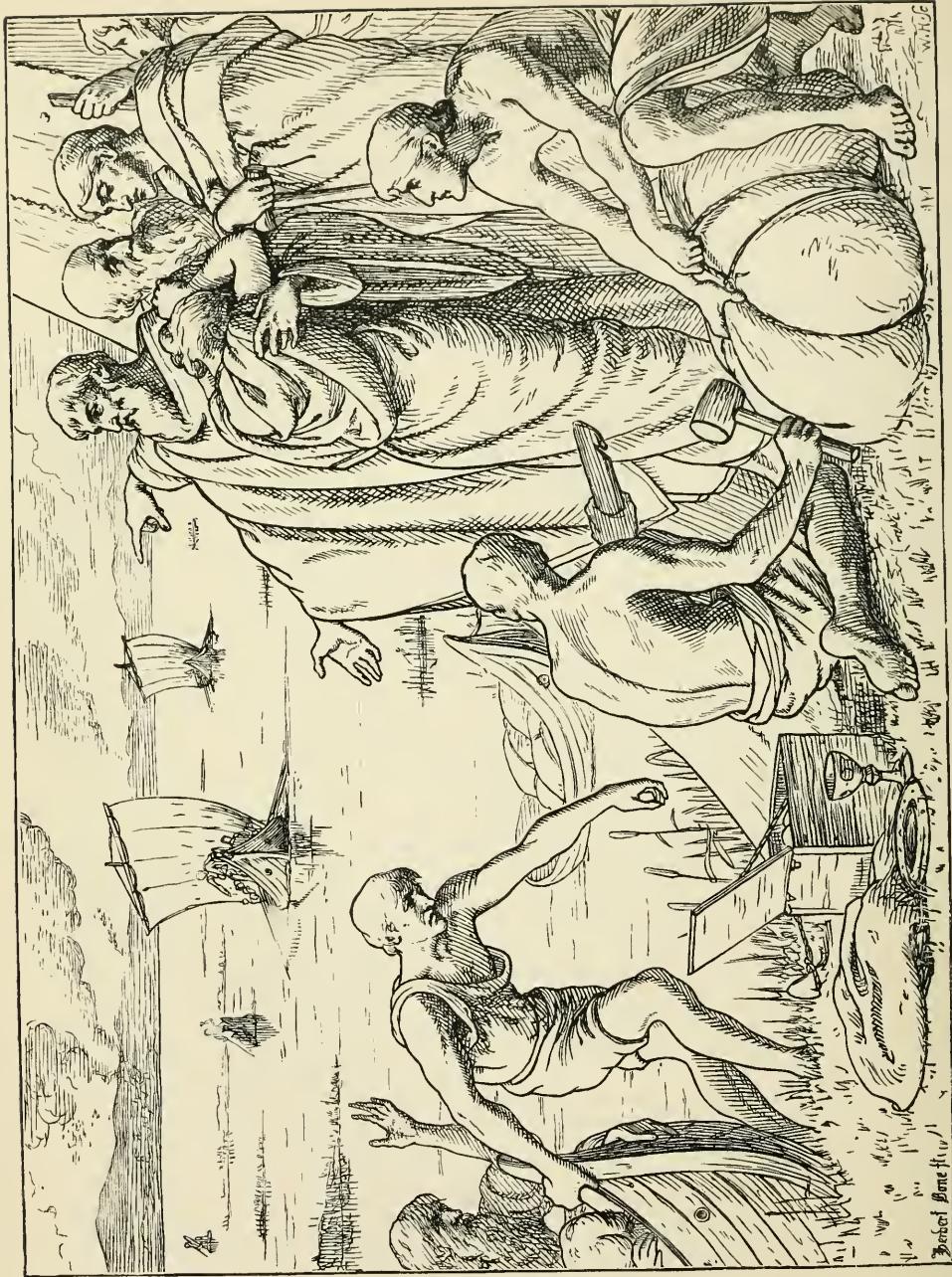
312, that Constantine had seen a vision of a flaming cross in the sky at noonday, with a motto in Greek, "By this conquer." He had told the strange incident to Eusebius; and there is no reason to disbelieve that a man whose mind had frequently been occupied with deep thoughts of the Christian faith, and perhaps impressed by the meaning of the Christian symbol, should have seen, with excited brain and straining eye, a sign that might confirm the previously fainter impressions of his mind. But there had been a long interval of uncertainty, in which he seemed to stand between the dim relies of a dying paganism and the first dawning of the new truth. Even after he had professed Christianity he consulted the *haruspices* or seers, and it is difficult to trace in what his Christianity consisted even for some time after he had the vision, which he seems to have associated more with some supernatural aid to imperial power than with the regeneration which is the cardinal point of the new faith. Yet Eusebius tells us of his refutation of the errors of paganism and his defence of Christian doctrines; of the part that he took in worship, and of his Easter vigils; and even though he did not receive baptism till just before his death, he will ever be regarded as the Christian Emperor, founder of the New Rome which marked a new era in the world.





THE FOUNDATION OF VENICE.

TIS the year 452—the year of desolation. A swarm of Scythians, under the fierce and haughty Attila, King of the Huns, have been defeated at Chalons-sur-Marne by the united forces of the Goths and the Romans, but they have fallen back across the Rhine, only to assemble their devastating hosts and to burst into Italy. The very name of the conqueror has become a terror, for he himself boasts that no grass will grow where his horses' feet have trod. He is called "The Scourge," "The Flail of God," "The Star which is called Wormwood," in the Revelations, so great is the terror which has seized upon the people against whom the barbarous conqueror turns his overwhelming force. He has already mastered the unguarded passes of the Alps, whence he has reached Aquila, the chief city of the splendid province of Venetia, which, after a three months' siege, has been utterly destroyed. Not a house is left standing; not one life has been spared. The wretched inhabitants of Verona, Mantua, Cremona, Brescia, and Bergamo dare not venture to resist the avalanche that comes with fire and blood. All that the people of the wasted provinces can do is to flee before the devouring host to remote places where there will be no spoil to tempt the invader. The mainland of Venetia is deserted by the fugitives, who seek refuge in the flat-bottomed ships which will convey them to the small islands of the Adriatic, lying about the mouths of the rivers which discharge themselves over a space of thirty leagues on the north-western coast of that



THE VENETIANS RETREATING BEFORE ATILLA.

gulf, from Grado to Chiozza—islands embanked against the open sea by long, narrow, intervening slips of land, which serve as natural breakwaters, formed by the deposits of the rivers. Here the fugitives may find safety, and though for more than half a century, they will have few other defences than hurdles with which to strengthen the natural embankments; though their food will be fish, their vessels their only wealth, and salt their chief merchandise, they will found a great and powerful republic, destined to take a prominent part in the future history of the world, when Goths and Huns have disappeared, and the names of Alaric and Attila are no longer words of fear among the nations.

But now, while the Scythian hive is sending out its swarm to threaten Rome itself, the founders of Venice find an asylum amidst that expanse of soft mud covered with about two feet of water, which extends in a great *lagune* for thirty or forty miles from the outer shore, and is navigable only by skiffs. In the estuaries of the rivers and in the canals excavated for the purpose, ships of larger burden can ride securely, if the crews know the intricacies of the channels and can find the entrances through the outer barrier to the scattered islands, the chief of which, the Rialto (*Rivo alto*, “the deep stream”), has long been the port for Padua and already contains a church, dedicated to St. Peter, and a few rude buildings, which make the surrounding bareness and desolation the more remarkable.

The Roman Empire was already tottering to its fall; the most warlike tribes of Germany had swept forward to its destruction; the Goths had entered Spain, the Vandals were in Africa, the Lombards had invaded Italy, the Franks and Burgundians had laid hold of Gaul, and the Saxons, Angles, and Jutes were in Britain. These warlike tribes were followed by the Huns, a vast horde of the Finnish race, who were themselves driven southward

and westward from the sources of the Ural, by the Turkish herdsmen of the elevated steppes, who traversed the great plains of Central Asia, urging before them the teeming bands of barbarians who first appeared on the Volga, next in Pannonia, then on the Marve and on the banks of the Po, laying waste those richly cultivated tracts where for ages the genius of the inhabitants had erected monuments and built fair cities. An army of 70,000 men threatened and laid waste the Roman Empire west and east, from the Rhine to the Euphrates, and over the constantly advancing army Attila and his brother Bleda held command.

We hear little of Bleda, for he was assassinated by order of his brother some time after the host under their leadership had crossed the Danube, and made its way into Thrace and Macedonia, defeating the forces of the Eastern Empire, and ravaging the coast from Thermopylæ to Constantinople. Theodosius the Second, who was then emperor, had already concluded a dishonourable peace. The terms of submission were dictated to the Emperor of the East—the successor of Constantine—at an interview, held on horseback, on the great plain of Upper Mœsia, near the city of Margeros, and after this the pride and arrogance of the conqueror became more intolerable.

But the sword of universal dominion was ineffectual against the Persians, to oppose whom the haughty savage led an immense army through the passes of Mount Caucasus. The Persian cavalry had already successfully opposed the Roman legions, and Attila sustained a defeat on the plains of Media, whence he was compelled to retreat. This defeat was hailed with delight at Constantinople, but it was followed by the invasion of the Eastern Empire, the devastation of its European provinces from the Euxine to the Black Sea, the destruction of seventy cities of Macedonia, Thrace, and Greece, and the subjugation of Theodosius. The ambassadors of the

emperor, who were sent to carry humble apologies for the breach of some articles of the treaty, found the royal village or camp of the Huns in Upper Hungary, somewhere between the Danube, the Theiss, and the Carpathian Mountains. The palace was of wood; the houses or huts of the Huns were of wood or clay, the only stone building being a set of baths, erected by the king's favourite, Onegesius. But the wood of the palace was fashioned into columns, carved and polished, and there were some signs of taste in the workmanship, and of barbarous magnificence in the display of spoils taken from more civilised nations. The ambassadors were entertained at a sumptuous feast, served in dishes of silver and gold, but the king ate a plain meal from a wooden trencher, and drank sparingly. The absurd antics of two buffoons amused the company, but Attila did not smile; perhaps he had already learned that amidst the embassy was a secret agent who was to plan his assassination. It is said that the heart of the assassin failed him, and that at sight of the king he confessed his intended crime. At any rate, Attila contemptuously dismissed the embassy and the culprit also, making the attempt a reason for exacting a still larger tribute from the Emperor Theodosius, who died not long afterwards, in July, 450, and was succeeded by Marcian, a man of far greater courage, who, to the haughty message, "Attila, my lord and thy lord, commands thee to prepare a palace for his immediate reception!" replied, "I have gold for my friends and steel for my enemies!"

This answer bespoke so much determination, that Attila turned his attention to Valentinian, the Emperor of the West; and, in order to make a pretext for war, demanded the hand of Honoria, the sister of Valentinian, and with her a dowry of half the Western Empire. This Honoria, who was retained at Constantinople, had already been intriguing to obtain the favour of the

victorious Hun, and had sent him a ring as a token of her regard. His demand was not complied with, and he professed to be satisfied with the reasons assigned for refusal, but he only waited an opportunity to enter Gaul, and, at the same time, to prevent the coalition of the Romans with Theodoric, the King of the Goths. To effect this object, he agreed to a proposal of Genseric to join the Vandals against the Goths; and while he assured Valentinian that his object was to make war only on Theodoric and to regard the Romans as friends, he endeavoured to persuade the leader of the Goths to help him to crush the Romans as a common foe. At the same time, with his usual rapidity and determination, he marched into Germany in mid-winter, and, without halting, reached the Rhine by the early spring. There he defeated the Franks, and cutting down the forests to build boats, passed the river into Gaul, where the cities opened their gates to him, because of his profession of friendship for the Romans.

For a time it seemed as though all Europe would be devastated, for at the head of his immense host he reached the banks of the Loire and besieged Orleans. Here, however, he met with a brave defence, which gave time to Ætius, the last great general of the Western Empire, to bring up the Roman forces, and also to make an alliance with the Goths, the Franks, and the Saxons of Gaul. Attila had thus to face a powerful combination under Ætius and Theodoric; and raising the siege, he retired to Chalons on the Marne, where was fought one of the most terrible battles known to history. The Huns were defeated, with the loss of at least 160,000 men, but the number has also been estimated at 300,000. Theodoric was killed; but Attila could not risk another engagement, and so broke up his camp and retreated across the Rhine.

It was in the following year (452) that he rushed into Italy,

where he laid waste the fairest provinces; but his advance was checked by an embassy led by Avenius and Pope Leo the First, whom he received with respect, and of whom he seems to have had a superstitious dread. Again he retired to his head-quarters in Hungary, there to organise another expedition against Gaul, in attempting which he was once more repulsed by the Romans and the Goths, who had spread beyond the Rhine. Again he planned another furious invasion of Italy; but his work was done. A tale is told by the Hungarian writers that when he was in Gaul a hermit told him that he was the scourge of God, who had put the sword of justice into his hand to punish the vices of the Christians, but that it would be wrested from him when they were reclaimed. They add that Attila remembered this saying after the defeat of Chalons, and added to his titles that of *Flagellum Dei*.

His original intention was to have carried his victorious troops on to Rome, but the hard and active Huns began to find their strength melt in the luxurious plains of Italy, and Ætius was actively hanging on their march and attacking them till they retired beyond the Danube. The second incursion into Italy was never effected, for Attila, having added to his wives a beautiful young girl named Illico, died suddenly in the midst of the wedding-feast—some said, of apoplexy; others, of the breaking of a blood-vessel; while some declared that the bride's hand had prepared a potion or had struck the fatal blow. At his death, the Huns—utterly unlike the nobler and the stronger Goths, who afterwards were either absorbed or became amalgamated with the nations which they had conquered—fell apart, and were dispersed, leaving no empire upon the ruins they had made, and remembered only as the Calmuck horde, the flat-nosed, large-headed, pig-eyed invaders who swept down from Scythia, carrying fire and slaughter over those fair realms, which needed

to be cleansed of the corruptions and iniquities of the late empire.

This, then, is an outline of the events which led to and immediately succeeded the flight of the people of Venetia to the lagunes in the delta of the river; but from that community of refugees was to arise one of the most magnificent cities and one of the most remarkable States that the world ever saw. Before the towns which Attila had destroyed could be rebuilt, the foundations of an independent government had been laid in the new State. Each principal island elected a tribune for a year, and the tribunes were responsible to a general assembly. For nearly two hundred years the inhabitants remained in the obscurity of this expanse of waters within the natural barriers thrown up by the rivers. During all that time, the country which they had left was a prey to successive invasions, and successive emigrations added to the population of the islands down to the time when, in 665, the Lombards, under Alboin, established themselves in Italy, and the Paduans fled to that Rialto which they previously regarded as a small tributary town. But as the population increased, a more completely organised and more vigorous government became necessary. The General Assembly was convoked at Heraclea, and it was determined to confide to one ruler the power hitherto held by the tribunes.

The title of that ruler was to be *Duke* or *Doge*; and it is stated that twelve electors, whose names have been preserved, and who were the progenitors of the most illustrious families in Venice, united their suffrages in favour of Paolo Luca Anafesto, a citizen of Heraclea. His dignity was conferred for life; he was assisted by a council of State, the members of which he himself nominated; the public revenue was at his disposal; the General Assembly was summoned at his decree; he appointed the judges and the tribunes; appeals from them lay to his jurisdiction; all ecclesiastical synods

were convoked by him, and although the election of prelates remained with the people, the right of investiture, which operated as a *veto*, remained with the Doge, who alone possessed the prerogative of peace or war. That such despotic powers in a ruler should have led to tyranny is scarcely surprising, and in 737, during the reign of the third Doge, a popular tumult ended in insurrection and the limitation of the chief magistracy to a certain short term of office.

A series of struggles between the people and the elected rulers ensued, and in 804 the Venetians sought the intervention of Pepin, upon whom Charlemagne had bestowed the crown of Lombardy. The intervention was made an excuse for invasion. The Venetians left their cities, and on the advice of Angelo Participazio took to their galleys, and waiting at the Rialto in the very centre of the lagune, refused to submit, and destroyed a bridge of boats by which Pepin endeavoured to reach them. He again attempted to land from large vessels, but they could not float on the shallows of the lagune, and were lost in the devious water-courses of the islands. Angelo Participazio was afterwards elected to the renewed title of Doge of Venice. The sixty islets which clustered round Rialto were connected with it and with each other by bridges—a new capital more within their circuit, a cathedral and a ducal palace were founded on the site which they still occupy; the name of the province (Venetia) from which the citizens derived their origin was given to the metropolis which they were creating, and Venice was established.



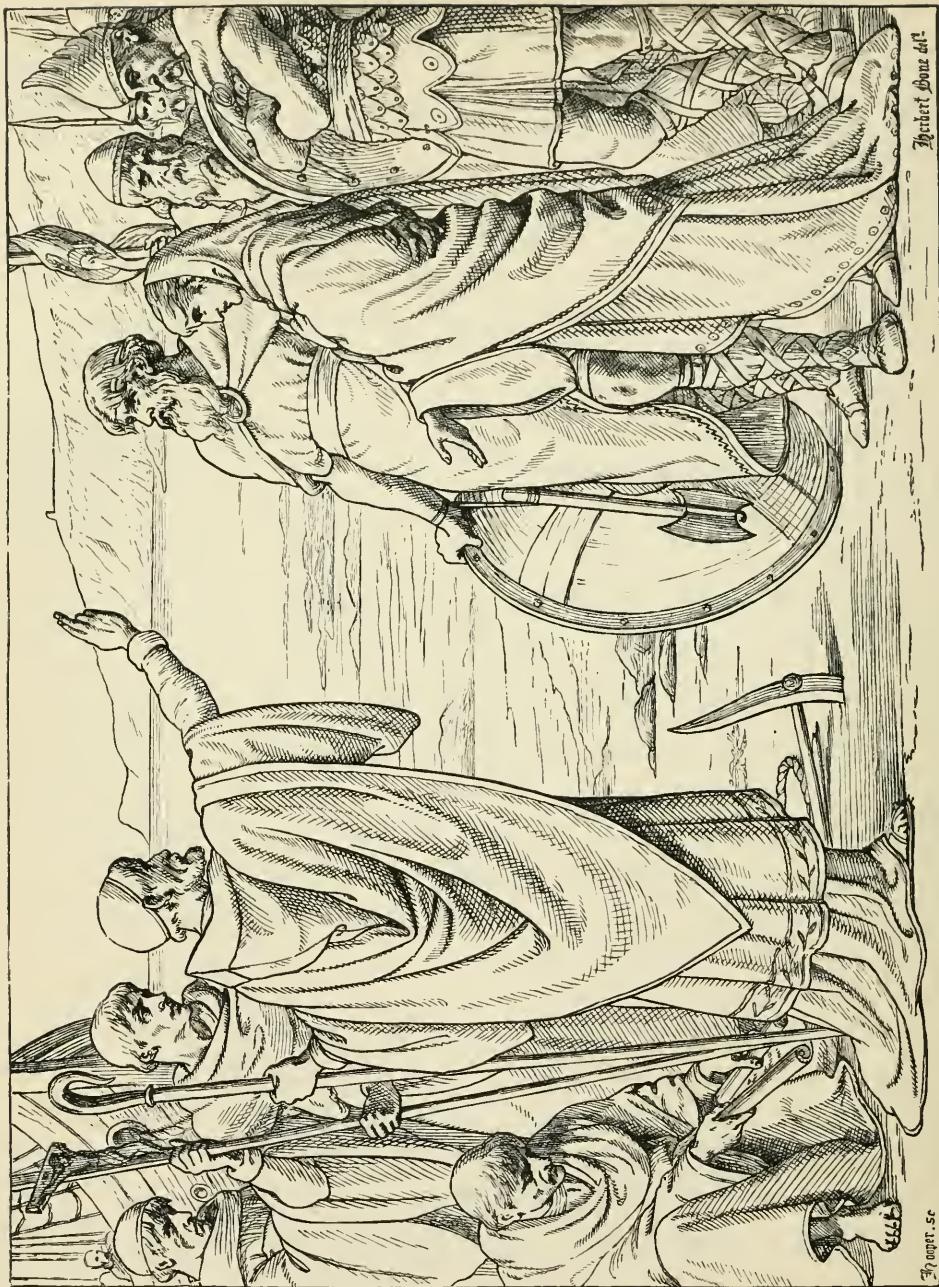


THE
LANDING OF ST. AUGUSTINE IN BRITAIN.

TN the summer of the year 596 there appeared off the coast of Kent a strange ship bearing a remarkable banner, and conveying to the Saxon shore the first of a company of unarmed men, who, though they landed in some fear of the fierce and warlike pagans who might have watched their sail from the cliffs above Pegwell Bay, were to be instrumental in achieving a victory far more important than any that had occurred in the history of the world since the conversion of Constantine to Christianity. As the keel of the vessel grated on the beach at Ebbe's Fleet, the Kentish men, who were then masters of the land as far north as the banks of the Humber, might well have wondered what manner of visitors these were who, numbering but forty in all, had landed in the spot where the hosts of Hengist and Horsa had first taken possession of Britain as the allies of Vortigern.

Not with sword and iron mace, nor with caps of steel and boots and jackets of toughened hide, but in long frocks and robes, and with sandalled feet, the forty strangers form into a procession ; —at its head two of the company bearing a cross of silver and a banner with a picture of the Redeemer, and following them a priest of reverend mien and mild aspect, whose hand is uplifted, not to smite, but to bless, as he leads the solemn chant, the music of which has been composed by the great Pope Gregory, and

THE LANDING OF ST. AUGUSTINE IN BRITAIN.



Herbert Rose del.

Bricker, Sc.

is to be known by his name through hundreds of years to come.* For this man, the leader of the strangers, is Augustine, prior of the Convent of Saint Andrew, where Gregory himself was once a simple monk, known alike for his glowing fervour of benevolence and his simplicity of life, and beside him are Justus and Miletus, destined to be fellow-workers in the Christian Church to be established in England, while following them are about forty monks and choristers from Italy and France, one of the latter of whom is to act as interpreter between the Christian missionary and the pagan Saxon king; and yet neither the paganism of the king nor the comparative barbarism of the men who own him as their ruler are such as to make the procession and the solemn hymn absolutely strange to the people of Kent. Ethelbert, the first of the Saxon kings who has truly obtained the title of Bret-wealda, or general sovereign over other tributary rulers, has increased his importance by marrying the fair and pious Bertha, daughter of Caribert, King of Paris, so that she, descended from Clovis, is a Christian, and her marriage contract contains a binding clause providing for her the free exercise of her religion. In a small building on the outskirts of Canterbury the French Bishop Luidhard, who came with her as her chaplain, conducts the worship, in which she and a few of her attendants engage, and it may have happened that the thanes and warriors who attend Ethelbert have heard the sacred hymn and noted the solemn exhortation of the white-robed priest as they stood without the building, or listened to the words which had only a dim meaning even to those (if, indeed, there are any) who understand a little of the language of Gaul.

It may have been assumed, too, that the heathen king—to

* The "Gregorian" chants were introduced by the pope who sent Saint Augustine to England.

whom some knowledge of the Christian faith must have come by means of his queen, and from the traditions of that section of the Church in Britain which yet survived in the northern parts of the island—would not refuse to listen to the divine message. But the fierce conflict of races and of rival kings has kept alive the evil passions of men, and though the Saxons of Kent are reputed to be alike valiant and generous, Augustine and his little band of missionaries had at first feared to risk the attempt to carry the Gospel of peace to these barbarous conquerors. They had, indeed, turned back—and, but for the earnest encouragement of Gregory himself, who had long set his heart upon this mission to England—and for the aid of the French missionaries, who were invited to join the holy enterprise—the courage of the prior and his followers might have failed.

It was, perhaps, by the advice of Gregory that they determined to land first at the Isle of Thanet, which, at that time, and for many years afterwards, was divided from the larger portion of Kent by an arm of the sea. There, at least, they would be separated from the main body of the Saxons in Kent, and might encamp within sight of the great Roman fortress of Richborough—the remains of that conquest which had been superseded by the incursions of another race which was to take up the work that the Imperial arms had failed to accomplish. The choice of the Isle of Thanet was a fortunate one, for not only were the missionaries more secure in its retirement, but Ethelbert signified his approval of their decision; since his superstitions led him to fear that if they came beyond the boundary of the island they might take him at an advantage by the exercise of some kind of magic art.

It is not difficult to imagine what must have been the anxieties of the little band of missionaries during the time that they waited for a message from the king. To him their own message had

already been conveyed. They had brought to him and his people “the best of good tidings—the promises of eternal life and blessedness.” They doubtless had an earnest advocate in the queen; and at length a day was appointed when the king himself was to come and confer with their leader. The meeting is one worthy of the royal house of the Saxon “Ashings,” and of the representative of the Church which should overcome the world. On the high ground in the centre of the island grows an ancient oak, and beneath its spreading branches a seat is placed for Ethelbert, who, surrounded by his warriors, prepares to listen with serious attention to the representations of Augustine.

On those words of the missionary there hangs the history of the coming world; and yet we have no authentic record of the speech—sermon—exhortation—entreaty—which is delivered in Latin, and translated by one of the monks from Gaul. Grim and silent sits the Bret-wealda, then the greatest man in England. Stern and wondering stand the Thanes and their followers, whose swords have won that goodly land whither their people had come as allies and had remained as conquerors.

With eager eyes, and watchful, solemn faces, the robed monks and white-vested choristers stand aside listening to the earnest appeal of their leader. There is a deep silence, and the king inquires further of the wishes and intentions of his visitors; asks some questions, perhaps, of doctrine, vaguely founded on what he has already heard from the chaplain of the queen. Then, sententiously, and with a certain royal dignity, he replies:—“Your words and promises are fair; but as they are new and doubtful, I cannot give my assent to them, and leave the customs I have so long observed—the customs of all my race. But as you have come hither strangers, from a long distance, and as I seem to myself to have seen clearly that what you yourselves believe to be good you

wish to impart to us, we do not desire to molest you; nay, rather we are anxious to receive you hospitably, and to give you all that is needed for your support; nor do we hinder you from persuading all whom you can to join your company in the faith of your religion."

The first victory is won. Augustine and his followers are allowed to proceed to Canterbury, the chief town of Kent; there to take up their residence. Again they journey in solemn order, the silver cross and the sacred banner at their head; and as they march, the choristers sing the grand and simple chant which Gregory had composed when Rome was threatened by the plague—“We beseech Thee, O Lord, in all Thy mercy, that Thy wrath and Thine anger may be removed from this city and from Thy holy house. Alleluiah!”

Visitors to Canterbury may well feel some emotion when they enter that ancient church of St. Martin, in the outskirts of the original city, for it is the oldest church in England, and is built on the site of that still more ancient and simple structure where the Christian princess, who had married the pagan king, attended, with her household, in the observance of prayer and praise. It was dedicated to St. Martin of Tours; and there the French bishop Luidhard probably received the band of devoted men who had come to set up the standard of the Cross in England.

It was this devotion, upheld by the continued encouragement and wise counsel of Gregory, which, under the Divine mercy, enabled Augustine and his followers to achieve the great work that they afterwards accomplished; for we do not learn from such fragmentary history as we have received, that the principal missionary was eminently distinguished except for earnestness and sincerity. But these are the qualities which give intensity to the spiritual as well as to the social and intellectual life; and they were effectual in

producing rapid and marvellous results. The precise date at which the missionaries entered Canterbury is unknown, but it is certain that on the following Whit Sunday, June 2, A.D. 597, Ethelbert was baptised into the Christian Church, and—some from conviction, others, perhaps, from the custom of following the royal example—his chiefs and numbers of his followers were soon afterwards received into Christian communion. On the following Christmas, 10,000 Saxons were baptised in the river Swale, near Sheerness, as recorded by Gregory himself, whose joy was so great that he conferred the primacy of the whole island upon Canterbury, and sent the “pall,” or archiepiscopal mantle, to Augustine, who had, however, already been ordained Archbishop of Canterbury by the prelate of Arles, so that the consecration was the united work of the French and the Italian hierarchy.

The Church grew, and the influence of the missionaries was sustained by unflagging zeal. On the banks of the Medway the cathedral of St. Andrew reminded the missionaries of the old monastery in Rome. In London, the capital of Sebert, King of Essex, and Ethelbert's nephew, the church of St. Paul was erected on a rising ground, the site of a former Roman temple of Minerva, and on the same spot on which stands the cathedral of the city that is now the greatest metropolis in the world. St. Peter's Church, in Westminster, was also founded by the missionary archbishop, and several heathen temples were, in the early days of his authority, consecrated to Christian worship; for it should not be forgotten that Gregory had framed judicious and politic rules for the guidance of the men who were to convert rather than to conquer—a policy which usually guided the dealings of the early Christian fathers in relation to heathen peoples in the first dawn of the new religion upon the dark superstitions which it was eventually to supersede and to destroy. How were the pagan customs of the Anglo-Saxons to be

dealt with? Were they to be entirely denounced and forbidden, or were such of them as were not in themselves evil to be tolerated, that they might be turned to useful purposes? Gregory came to the conclusion that the heathen temples were not to be destroyed, but turned into Christian churches; that the oxen which used to be killed in sacrifice should be killed with rejoicing, and the meat be given to the poor; and that the booths and inns round the sacred buildings should remain as places of resort and amusement during Christian festivals. "It is impossible," he said, "to cut away from hard and rough minds all their old habits and customs. He who wishes to reach the highest place must rise by steps, and not by jumps." It is easy to see how the names of many observances of certain anniversaries might remain long after their original significance had been lost or forgotten, when we reflect that many of our comparatively recent customs have come down from Druidical superstitions, such as the burning of nuts on Allhallows' Eve, the lighting of bonfires on great occasions, and the decorations of houses with holly and mistletoe; and while the name of Easter or *Eostre* is probably taken from the heathen worship of a planet, and the days of the week are called after Tuisco, Odin, Thor, Friga or Frea, and Saeter.

The very mention of these names reminds us of the grim and fierce theology of those Saxons, whose religion was that of the Scandinavian tribes, and differed from that of the Danes only in its cruelties being less marked and its threatenings perhaps a little less pronounced. The chief divinity was Woden or Odin, "the terrible and severe god; the father of slaughter; the god that carries desolation and fire; the active and roaring deity; he who gives victory and who names those that are to be slain." Frea was the wife of Odin, and the goddess of love; Thor controlled the tempests; Balder was the god of light; Kiord the god of the

waters; Tyr the god of champions; Brage was the divinity of oratory and poetry; Heimdal kept the door of heaven, and was guardian of the rainbow. The eleven sons and eleven daughters of Odin and Frea had divine honours, and there were many inferior deities or objects of worship. The Valkeries were subordinate goddesses, or rather attendants, who were employed by Odin to determine victory and to select the warriors who were to be slain. Three fates predestined the career of men, and every man was supposed to have an attendant fate by whom his life was controlled and his death determined. Then there were genii and spirits, both beneficent and infernal. Lok was the evil principle—a being beautiful but depraved, the calumniator of the gods, the contriver of fraud and lies, whom the gods had shut up in a cave because of his malignity. The goddess Hela, Fenris the wolf, the great dragon, and numerous giants, were among the mythological objects of this weird superstition. The belief in a future state was precise, and in accordance with the warlike and rugged character of the people. Heroes and those who were slain in battle ascended to Valhalla, where the days were spent in war and the nights in feasting. Every evening in this blest abode the battle ceased, all wounds were healed, and the contending warriors sat down to eat of the exhaustless flesh of the boar Serimner, and to drink huge draughts of mead. The wicked—by which were meant the cowardly and the inactive—were consigned to Niflheim, where the dreadful Hela lived, in the Palace of Anguish, and presided at the table of Famine, her attendants being Expectation and Delay, the threshold of her door Precipice, and her bed Leanness. But neither Valhalla nor Niflheim were to be eternal; and here is shadowed forth a very wonderful conception amidst the wild, savage, and gross paganism of this Scandinavian belief. After countless ages, the evil powers were to break from restraint, the gods were to perish, and Odin himself to expire, while

a conflagration was to consume both Valhalla and Niflheim, with all who dwelt in them ; and from the chaos a new world was to arise, full of beauty, with a new heaven and a more terrible hell, under the rule of a supreme god of greater, purer, and nobler attributes than Odin. Then the human race were to be judged for higher virtues than bravery, and deeper guilt than sloth ; the righteous were to be received into Gimle or the high heaven, and the wicked consigned to the everlasting and unutterable punishments of Nastrande or hell. It will readily be understood that the common belief had more to do with Valhalla and Niflheim than with the higher and nobler heaven and the more mysterious hell ; and the Scandinavian temples, in which Odin was represented by a colossal image, crowned, and holding a sword, were often the scene of cruel and savage rites, where slaves and prisoners were frequently immolated as sacrifices to avert mortal sickness or to secure a victory. Yet in the poetical notion of the new heaven and the new earth we may trace a noble strain of thought ; and it is to be noted that, with all their ferocity, the Scandinavian tribes—Danes, Jutes, Norwegians, Saxons—exhibited a remarkably delicate and almost romantic respect for women, whom they regarded with a veneration almost unknown to other peoples. The Saxons, too, were far less grim and savage than the Danes, and the tenets and observances of their religion were modified in accordance with this more placable temper, though the superstitions of Odin and the terrors of their religion long remained associated even with Christianity.

We have already referred to the land-marks which, in the Isle of Thanet, in Canterbury, and in other places, indicate the story of the greatest event in English history. Let us for a moment turn to the story which preceded the mission of Augustine—to a time several years earlier, and before Gregory, the able monk, had been chosen to succeed Pelagius II. in the papal chair.

The narrative is nearly thirteen hundred years old, and yet on the Cœlian Mount—that silent hill behind the Coliseum at Rome, and anciently called Mons Querquetulanus (“the Hill of Oaks”)—may still be seen the spot where the monk who became pope lived and died. Still on the site of the ancient building, looking through the cypresses into the grand ruin of the Coliseum, stands a large convent of St. Andrew, and in one of the chapels a rude fresco on the wall represents the departure of St. Augustine and his missionaries for Britain, near the place at the top of the steps where they received the blessing of the Pontiff.

But the story of that mission begins on the memorable day when Gregory himself, a simple monk, noted already for his Christian charity and for his deep interest in the welfare and happiness of children, entered the slave-market in Rome, and amidst the swarthy Egyptians, African negroes, and active, keen-eyed Greeks exposed there for sale, saw some fair-haired, ruddy children who had been brought from England by one of the merchants, who probably purchased them for a period of servitude either of a thane or of their parents, or had, perhaps, found them orphans and friendless after some exterminating battle.

There were three of these fair boys, whose blue eyes and flowing hair, no less than the beauty of their features and their shapeliness of limb, at once arrested attention.

The monk stood gazing thoughtfully at the group.

“Whence come these strange beautiful children?” he inquired of the slave-dealer.

“From Britain, where all the people are of that complexion,” was the answer.

“And what is the religion there?”

“They are pagans.”

“Alas! that eyes so bright and faces so full of light should be

in the power of the Prince of Darkness—that such outward grace should belong to minds that have not the grace of God within. And what is their nation called?"

"Angles."

"Well said, for they indeed have the faces of angels, and should be fellow-heirs with the angels in heaven. And is their land so called?"

"They are Deirans, from that part of Britain named Deira."*

"Well said again, for rightly are they named Deirans, plucked as they are from God's wrath [*de ira Dei*], and called to the mercy of Heaven. What is the name of their king?"

"Ella."

"Alleluia ! the praise of God their Creator shall be sung there," said Gregory, and he went at once to the Pope, to seek permission to go and preach the Gospel in England.

The permission was granted, and Gregory quickly chose the men who should accompany him; but his intention was not destined to be fulfilled. Though but a monk, he possessed great personal influence, and was a man of eminently popular talents. Whether he guessed what would be the consequence of his absence, or received some private intelligence, it is perhaps futile to inquire; but the account of his mission goes on to state that when the missionaries were but three days' journey from Rome, and while they were resting from the sultry heat of noon, a locust leaped upon the book that Gregory was reading, and he at once drew a kind of augury from it, in the curious punning manner which was by no means uncommon among the early fathers of the Church, who frequently used this epigrammatic style in reproof, exhortation, or instruction. He interpreted the sudden messenger by its name,

* The tract of country between the Tyne and the Humber—Deira, "the land of the wild deer."

locusta, and it seemed to say, “*loco sta*

Years passed away, and Gregory, immersed in public affairs, and, as it is said, and as he himself declared, reluctantly consenting to become Pope, had not forgotten the boys in the slave-market, and his arrested mission. The time seemed to be propitious for renewing the endeavour to establish the Christian religion in Britain. Ella, the conqueror of South Sussex, and the founder of the kingdom of the South Saxons, was dead. He had claimed the dignity of being “Bretwealda,” which appears to have been a title of courtesy, implying the superiority of him who held it over the other rulers of the heptarchy, and now Ethelbert, fourth King of Kent, claimed it by right of his descent from Hengist, his authority extending to the right bank of the Humber.

From the facility with which he had established the faith in Kent, Augustine hoped for a similar conversion in the whole island; but although Pope Gregory sent him additional aid, the work was not completed until many years after Augustine was laid in his grave, in the churchyard of the monastery in Canterbury which goes by his name; though by the instrumentality of his early companions in the work, and those who joined them in their labours, he had the joy before his death of seeing the Gospel firmly established in Kent and Essex.



THE
DEFEAT OF THE SARACENS AT TOURS.

CHARLES MARTEL, "The Hammer," not "The Hammerer." He might, with less emphasis, have been designated Smith, "The Smiter;" but his characteristic had gone beyond that. He was the personification of the very implement of smiting, and, impelled by a resolute and unflinching will, was himself a weapon, smiting down, without rest or stay, the enemies to whom became the great work of his life, and a work that he did so effectually that he ceased to be merely the Hammerer, and became also the Hammer—warrior and weapon in one. He has gained this distinction. The Neustrians, and their allies the Frisians, thought to invade his territory of Austrasia; but they were beaten again and again—beaten and broken by that heavy mace which would crack the shell of the stoutest armour. It is now no longer the Romans, nor even the Northern hordes, that are of immediate concern, but the Saracens, who have overrun Spain, and now threaten to subdue the whole of Europe. But at present they have only succeeded in gaining the inner porch of the door of France; and there stands the Hammer that shall dash them back, till they become as chaff before the thrasher's flail. The story of this great battle cannot easily be written, for the particulars are wanting; but it is fought in the year 732, not actually in Tours—the old and famous town, once the chief city of the Turones, and afterwards the capital of a division of Gaul under the Romans—but between that place and Poictiers, the



CHARLES MARTEL AT TOURS.

ancient straggling city of the Pictones, with its great amphitheatre, steep, narrow streets, and picturesque situation.

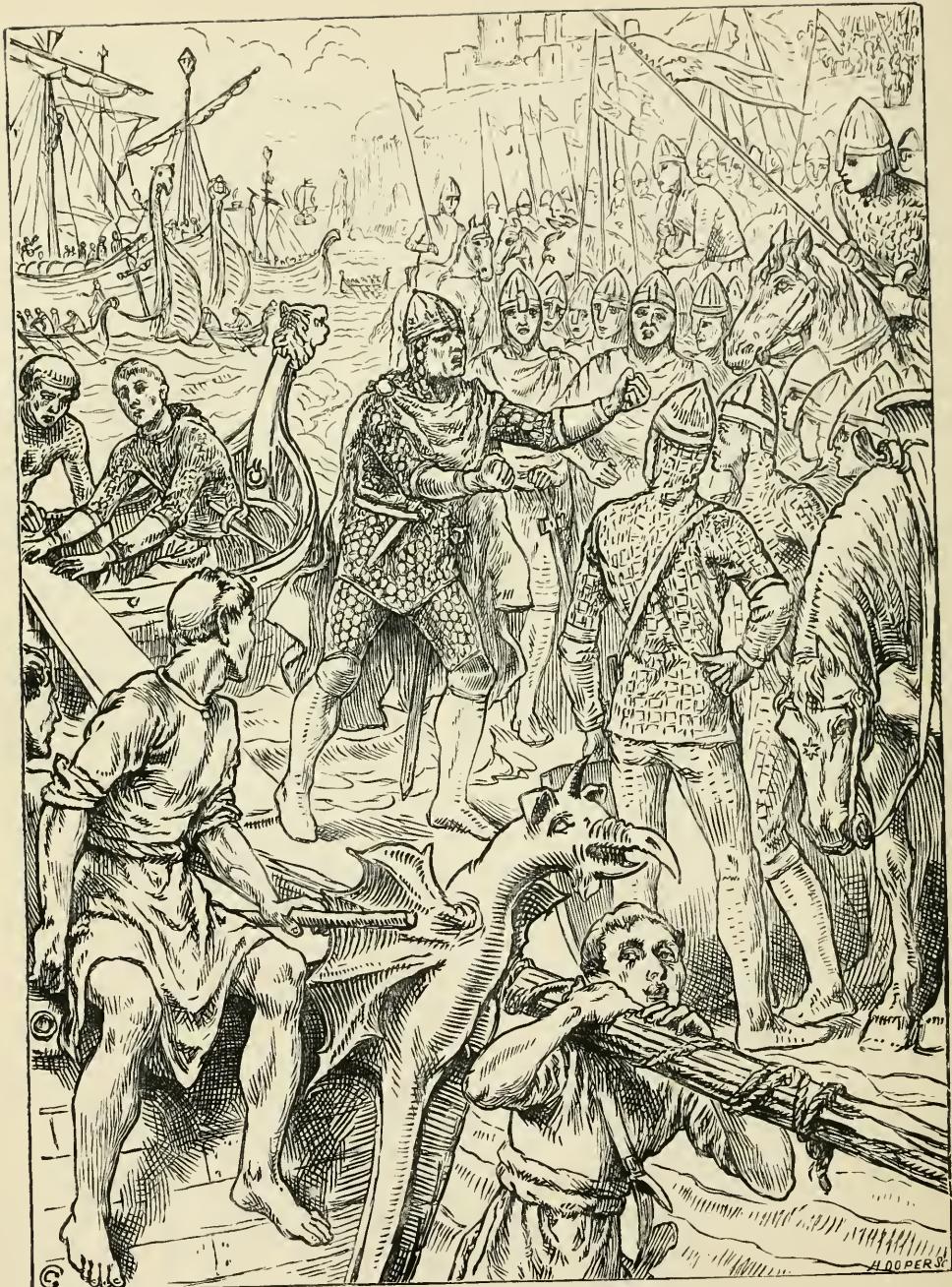
The fight is long and determined, and the defeat of the Paynim is complete, and yet so close and constant is the battle, that there are no historians there to paint it in clear and glowing words. Abderrahman, the leader of the Saracen host, is dead, and it is said (but the saying must be taken with reservation) that 375,000 of the invaders have fallen before the terrific onslaught of Charles and his great army. At all events, the victory may justly be reckoned among those few battles of which a contrary event would have essentially varied the drama of the world in all its subsequent scenes. The Saracens are kept out of Europe, and the country of the Franks will soon emerge from the misrule of Merovingian kings, to take a great and brilliant place in the annals of the future. For Charles will again be called against the Frisians, and will hammer them till they become malleable enough to render homage to the Frankish crown, and to profess, if not immediately to accept, Christianity ; their territories will be annexed to his own dominions, and his fame will rise, till the Church itself will recognise the advantage of having such a Hammer in its hand, and Pope Gregory III. will choose him as his protector, send him the keys of the tomb of St. Peter, and offer him the dignity of Roman Consul.

For the times have changed since Constantine was Emperor of Rome, and even before the end of the fifth century the vast empire, which for a time had seemed to be renewed under his reign, had crumbled into dust before the vigorous invaders, who seized the fairest provinces and subdued the former “masters of the world.” The Vandals became masters of Africa ; the Suevi held Spain, but shared it with the Visigoths, who possessed a large portion of Gaul ; the Burgundians occupied the provinces on the banks of the Rhône and the Saône ; the Ostrogoths grasped almost all Italy ; the north-

west portion of Gaul between the Seine and the Loire was the dwelling of a people said to have been Armoricans, under the government of a chief who was nominally subject to the Roman Empire. In the year 486, Clovis, King of the Salian Franks, a tribe of Germans long connected with Rome, and originally settled on the right bank of the Rhine, had penetrated as far as Tournay and Cambray, and soon after invaded Gaul, and subjugated the provinces all of which were previously said to belong to Rome. Clovis afterwards carried his conquests to the land of the Alemanni, and into Suabia, defeating the latter people in a great battle near Cologne. At the persuasion of his wife Clotilda he became a convert to Christianity, and thenceforward received the allegiance of the Catholic or Gaulish clergy, before that time subject to the Arians, who, though not intolerant, were the dominant race until the invasion of Clovis. Even before his conversion the clergy had favoured his arms, and they now became his most ardent supporters, and were rewarded by him with considerable grants, which were not only continued, but greatly increased, by his successors. It was upon the pretence of religion that he attacked Alaric, King of the Visigoths, whom he overthrew in a great victory near Poictiers, and so destroyed that empire in Gaul, reducing it to a narrow territory between the Rhône and the Pyrenees. Clovis, at his death in 511, left four sons, who, it is said, made an equal division of the kingdom, which comprehended France, the western and central parts of Germany, besides Bavaria, and perhaps Suabia. Burgundy was afterwards added by conquest; and on the death of the three elder brothers, the youngest, Clotaire, again united the kingdom, but only to divide it again, at his death, among *his* four sons, the youngest of whom, a second Clotaire, once more united it under his own rule. The annals of these early Merovingian kings, and of the nation over which they ruled, are dark and bloody. They are the records

of crime, treachery, and wickedness, in which the names of two queens—Brunchaut, Queen of Austrasia, and Fredegonde, wife of Chilperic—stand prominent in the dreary story of infamy. It will be seen, however, that the law of primogeniture held no place in the country, and even Charles Martel and Pepin, whose subsequent successes and personal influence gave them almost unquestioned power, did not attempt to introduce it. On the death of Dagobert, son of Clotaire the Second, and the last of the Merovingian kings worth particular notice, the whole power of the State came into the hands of the “mayors” of the palace—originally officers through whom petitions were sent to the Sovereign. So degraded did the monarchy become that the kings were comparatively insignificant, and are treated by later historians as *insensati* or idiots; and the office of mayor, which was suffered to become elective, was filled by the men who really had ability to govern, and united the military with the civil command. For half a century the names of Ebroin and Grimōald, Mayors of Neustria and Austrasia, the western and eastern divisions of the French monarchy, were the most conspicuous; and when these two men came to violent deaths, they were succeeded by a still more able governor in Pepin Heristal, who was first Mayor and afterwards Duke of Austrasia, and who, while he was virtually Sovereign of that division, exercised paramount authority over the French or Neustrian provinces, where the weak and imbecile kings of the Merovingian family were still suffered to rule only in name. It was this great heritage of power which came to his son Charles, who had to encounter a more terrible enemy than adverse tribes or factions, since the Saracens had rushed like a simoom over Spain, and had succeeded in penetrating far into France. Charles was equal to the occasion. Not only by a certain straightforward sagacity, but by sure practical statesmanship, he was able to mould the circumstances

of his time, to hammer down opposition, to maintain every foothold by hard fighting, so that men who did not yield to his ability fell before his arm. The Pope, as we have seen, sought him as a powerful ally, for the Church was by that time closely allied by policy and by advantage to the secular power whenever it was not strong enough to defeat it; but with the Church, represented by the clergy, Charles Martel was no favourite. It was then seeking not only to retain power, but to amass wealth, and "The Hammer" beat at its doors for contributions towards the expenses of the war against the Saracens, which not being forthcoming, he demanded part of the Church lands; perhaps on the just plea that, but for him and his fighting-men, they would have been in possession of the pagans. It may be that this is the reason why we have no very complete life of the conquering Mayor of Austrasia, the founder of a royal race, and it is certainly the reason why the monks, if they did not write his life, published many portraits of him after his death, and represented him in the flames which, they averred, were the punishment of his spoliation of the Church. But, notwithstanding the dislike of the clergy and of monkish spite, it is to the transfer of the crown from the race of Clovis to that of Pepin Heristal that we are to refer for one of the most important revolutions in the history of Europe. The second son of Charles Martel, also named Pepin, and inheriting his father's talents and ambition, made, in the name and with the consent of the nation, a solemn reference to the Pope Zacharias, in order to obtain the deposition of Chiladeric III., under whose nominal authority he was reigning with the title of mayor. The application ended by the dismissal of the last Merovingian king to a convent, and the unanimous nomination of Pepin to the throne of the Franks—an event the importance of which may be estimated by its influence on the subsequent history not only of France, but of Italy.



THE LANDING OF WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR.

H. COOPER



THE NORMAN CONQUEST.

“**H**AVE taken seisin of this land with my hands, and by the splendour of God ! as far as it extends it is mine—it is yours !”

Thus shouted William Duke of Normandy as he rose from the beach at Bulverhithe, where he had fallen on his face as he landed to invade England on the 10th of September, 1066. He was the last to leave the ship in which he had sailed, and as his foot touched the shore he made a false step and lay sprawling on the ground. The superstitious soldiery were ready to see in this mishap a bad omen, and had already given expression to their fears ; but their chief was equal to the occasion, and springing to his feet showed them his hands full of sand or earth, and made of the accident a new incentive to the achievement of his purpose.

After the death of Canute, the whole of Wessex had passed into the hands of the fierce and warlike Earl Godwin, who had married the king’s sister, and was, without doubt, the ablest and most eloquent man in England. He was himself of Danish family, had married a Danish princess, and had named his three most famous sons Harold, Sweyn, and Tostig ; but he was in every respect the champion and the adherent of the Saxon interest. He had murdered, or caused to be murdered, Alfred the Atheling, the son of Ethelred the Unready, when it seemed to be his interest to support the claims of Hardicanute. He afterwards found little difficulty in persuading Edward, Alfred’s younger brother, to come to England,

and to marry his daughter, the amiable, beautiful, and accomplished Editha, who, though Queen of England, was neglected by her husband, and lived in seclusion. Edward the Confessor was more of a monk or of a religious recluse than a king; and, while he surrounded himself with Norman priests, gave himself up to pious contemplation, or the pretence of it, and disregarded mundane affairs. He was an Englishman only in name. His mother was the aunt of William the Conqueror; he was educated on the Continent, and his Court was filled with Norman knights and clerks. Norman-French was the fashionable language; Norman customs the signs of civilisation. Everything was preparing for the conquest which took place within a year after his death.

Godwin was the great opponent of the Norman party, so that when he died his eldest son Harold represented the Saxon or national interest, and was naturally regarded as the successor to the English crown, though it was believed by many that the weak and fanatical Edward had promised the throne to Duke William, who came to England as his invited guest, and brought with him a large retinue of knights, during the time that Godwin and his family had been banished through Norman influence. But Godwin had returned at the head of an army to demand restitution, and from that time the Norman authority in the Court was reduced, so that when the people heard that Edward was about to make a pilgrimage to Rome, they demanded that he should appoint a successor, and turned their thoughts to the young Prince Edward, the son of the king's half-brother—that Edmund Ironside whose character and heroic deeds against the Danes were regarded as being only second to those of the Great Alfred. Prince Edward dwelt with Henry III., Emperor of Germany, whose daughter he had married, and at the strong desire of the Saxon Witan, the king sent for him to England, but on his arrival neglected to admit him to his presence—a

circumstance which was regarded with suspicion, and lent additional rancour to the popular feeling when the young prince soon afterwards died in London, and was buried at St. Paul's. While one party attributed his death to the agents of the Norman Duke, their opponents endeavoured to lay the charge against Harold; but there was no proof of foul play, and so far as we can estimate the character of Harold, it is improbable that he would even have connived at such a crime; while William had more to fear from his bolder and more accomplished rival, than from the youth whose succession was equally uncertain. The strangest episode of this strange history is that Harold himself should at this time have crossed to France, and to account for it we are almost compelled to accept the explanation of some of the older historians, that while he was out at sea in a fishing-boat, on an excursion from his manor at Bosham in Sussex, he and his few attendants were driven by a storm upon the opposite coast, where their vessel was stranded near the mouth of the Somme, in the territory of Guy, Count of Ponthieu. It is certain that both the earl and his followers were made prisoners by this nobleman, and shut up in the castle of Belram, near Montreuil, until Duke William, to whom they appealed, purchased their liberty with a large sum of money and a gift of an estate to their captor. Harold was then taken to Rouen as William's guest, and found that he was still a prisoner, though he was treated with great distinction. He was soon told what was expected from him in return for his liberty; for one day, as they were out riding side by side, William said, "When Edward and I lived like brothers under the same roof, he promised me that if ever he became King of England he would make me his successor. Harold, I would right well that you helped me in the fulfilment of this promise, and be assured that if I obtain the kingdom by your aid, whatever you choose to ask shall be granted on the instant."

Harold was compelled to answer fairly, but the Duke at once began to demand solemn pledges. "Since you consent to serve me," said he, "you must fortify Dover Castle. Dig a good well of water there, and give it up to my men-at-arms. You must also give me your sister that I may marry her to one of my chiefs; and you yourself must marry my daughter, Adele. Moreover, I wish you at your departure to leave me one of the hostages whose liberty you now reclaim. He will stay under my guard, and I will restore him to you in England when I come there as king."

This last demand would seem to point to the conclusion that Harold had made his journey to Normandy to demand the release of his brother Wulnoth and his nephew Haco, who were held by Edward as hostages when he declared peace with Earl Godwin, and had been treacherously handed to the custody of Duke William. This subtle reference to the captives placed a new difficulty in the way of Harold. By refusing to comply with requests which were disguised threats, he left not only himself but his relatives at the mercy of the Duke. He promised everything under conditions which few men of that time would have considered to be binding, but his crafty foe at once summoned a council of barons and headmen to witness a more solemn pledge. It is uncertain whether this meeting took place at Avranches or at Bayeux, but in the hall of audience at one of these towns sat William in his chair of state, surrounded by his chiefs, and holding a jewelled sword. Before him stood a kind of table covered with cloth of gold, on which lay a missal. "Earl Harold," said he, "I require you before this assembly to confirm the promises you have made me—to wit, to assist me to obtain the crown of England after Edward's death, to marry my daughter Adele, and to send me your sister that I may give her in marriage to one of my chiefs." Harold took the required oaths with his hand upon the book; but even this might not have been sufficiently binding, and

at a signal the cloth was removed, and beneath it was discovered a cask filled with the bones and reliques of saints brought from the surrounding monasteries, to give a more awful efficacy to the enforced promise. Harold is said to have trembled at the sight; and thus tricked into a solemn vow, to break which would have been pronounced sacrilege, he was suffered to return to England, taking Haco with him and leaving Wulnoth as a hostage.

But fresh difficulties awaited him at home. His brother Tostig had been dethroned from his principedom of Northumbria, and Morcar, one of the enemies of the house of Godwin, had been elected. Harold could not bring about a reconciliation, and Tostig departed for Bruges, where he gave his support to William of Normandy.

Edward was dying, and it was necessary that he should appoint a successor. Whether he did so is not known. The Normans declared that he named Duke William: the Saxons swore that he had pronounced in favour of the son of the great Earl Godwin. No will of Edward was ever produced; but, in any case, the choice of a king had to be confirmed by the Witenagemote, or Great Council of the nation, and after Edward's death, on the Eve of Epiphany, Harold was proclaimed king by a vast assembly of chiefs, nobles, and citizens of London. Only a few hours after the burial of the dead king in the tomb at Westminster Abbey (the magnificent building which he had lived to reconstruct and to complete), his successor was crowned by the national choice.

When the tidings reached William, he immediately sent ambassadors to England, who, appearing before Harold, said, "William, Duke of the Normans, reminds thee of the oath thou hast sworn with thy mouth, and with thy hand on good and holy reliques." "It is true," replied the Saxon king, "that I made an oath to William, but I made it under the influence of force: I promised that which

did not belong to me, and engaged to do what I never could do ; for my royalty does not belong to me, nor can I dispose of it without the consent of my country. In the like manner, I cannot without the consent of my country espouse a foreign wife. As for my sister, whom the Duke claims, in order that he may marry her to one of his chiefs, she has been dead some time—will he that I send her corpse ?”

Harold spoke truly when he said that the kingdom only belonged to him with the consent of the country. The crown was, to a large extent, given by election, and only thus can we understand the frequent changes in succession which characterise the Saxon rule. It is probable, too, that the king was less superstitious than some of his countrymen, and that the oaths that had been extorted from him by fraud and force ceased to have a binding effect, though they were made on concealed relics. An ancient writer of that period says that Harold, from the moment of his accession, showed himself pious, humble, and affable, and that he spared himself no fatigue, either by land or by sea, for the defence of his country.

It is a satisfaction to know that the last of the Saxon kings should have borne this character, and that all that is known of Harold should prove him to have been a great general, a wise ruler, and a brave and generous chief; but the Anglo-Saxon rule had died out. He was really the last of the race capable of reigning over a people whose national character required the infusion of new blood, their government the interposition of another system and a clearer organisation. William of Normandy was probably less scrupulous, and far more cruel and vindictive than Harold, but the Norman branch of the great Norse stock had acquired those elements which were needed to restore and to maintain the national life of the Anglo-Saxons, whose isolated position had prevented them from emerging so completely from the barbarous traditions of the original

tribes who founded the now mingled race of Saxons and of Danes. At any rate, William of Normandy had so fully determined to obtain the crown of England that a second embassy only resulted in mutual reproaches, and the Duke swore that within a year he would come and claim his own.

It was easy to obtain supporters. Apart from the professed opinion that Harold was a sacrilegious vow-breaker, there was the hope of obtaining extensive plunder and valuable settlements in England; and William was profuse in promises to the lords of his council who voted in favour of an invasion, and knowing the importance of the enterprise, not only engaged to serve him, but mortgaged their estates and sold their goods to provide ships and men-at-arms. The priests gave gold and silver, the merchants brought goods and stuffs, and even the farmers contributed the produce of their fields. A clerk stood near the Duke and wrote in a register what each man promised. The nobles and free-lances of neighbouring provinces, and even of some distant states, flocked to the Norman standard, for they were promised large pay, and for the men there were the hopes of plunder, while their leaders were to be rewarded with English possessions, or to be married to English heiresses. An embassy to Rome obtained from the Pope, Alexander II., a license to invade England on the condition that the Norman Duke should hold it as a fief of the Church.

The result was the arrival of a pontifical diploma, signed with the cross and sealed with that round leaden seal called in Latin a *bulla*, which gave the name of *bulls* to State letters and licenses from the Pope. Accompanying the "bull" was a consecrated banner and a costly ring containing one of the hairs of St. Peter.

All through the spring and summer months, the seaports of Normandy were full of armourers, ship-builders, and workmen, preparing for the great invasion; but before the expedition set out,

the traitor Tostig had offered his services to William, and by that means obtained a few ships, with which he returned and ravaged the Isle of Wight and part of the Kentish coast. Thence he escaped to Lincolnshire and committed fresh depredations, and at length having been repulsed by Morcar in an attempt to sail up the Humber, and having tried to induce Sweyn of Denmark to join him in invading England, he persuaded Harold Hardrada, King of Norway, to lend him his aid. Hardrada set sail with a large fleet, and, being joined by various pirates and adventurers, sailed up the Tyne with fire and sword, and thence, being joined by Tostig, entered the Humber and landed at Riccall, not far from York. Morcar and Edwin, who were true to Harold, marched out against them, but were defeated; and the Norwegians entered York, where they were received by the citizens. Harold was, therefore, obliged to leave the southern coast, where he had been preparing for the arrival of the Normans, and uniting his forces, marched so quickly to the north that he took Hardrada and Tostig by surprise. Before joining battle, however, he generously offered to make peace with his brother, and to give him one-third of England. "And what territory would Harold give in compensation to my ally, Hardrada King of Norway?" was the insolent reply. "Seven feet of English ground for a grave, or a little more, seeing that Hardrada is taller than most men," exclaimed the indignant messenger. "Ride back, ride back," cried Tostig, "and bid King Harold make ready for the fight. When the Northmen tell the story of this day, they shall never say that Tostig forsook King Hardrada, the son of Sigurd. He and I have one mind and one resolve, and that is either to die in battle or to possess all England." Then the battle commenced—a long, fierce, and terrible struggle, in which most of the Norwegian chiefs perished, and both Hardrada and Tostig were slain. The fleet of his enemies also fell into the hands of Harold, who, however,

suffered Olave, the son of Hardrada, to depart with his shattered followers in twenty-four ships, on the condition that he would for ever maintain faith and friendship with England.

This, then, is the story of those events which bring us to the 28th of September, 1066, when, only three days after the victory at York, William sets foot on English soil near Hastings. It has been nearly a month since his fleet of 3,000 vessels, of which 600 are great ships, assembled at the mouth of the Dive; for the weather has been stormy, and, after setting sail, he has been beating about off Dieppe, where some of his vessels have been wrecked and the crews drowned, much to the disturbance of many of his followers, who have refused to go forward, believing that the hand of Heaven is against them.

Upon this he has increased the rations of food and strong wine; has caused the body of St. Valery to be taken up from its shrine and carried through the camp, where every one has knelt and prayed for the saint's intercession. Then since the weather has changed, he has set forth again—himself leading in the ship prepared for him by his wife Matilda. Its gilded vanes and gaily-coloured sails flash in the morning sun; the three lions of Normandy are emblazoned on its quarters, and at its head is the figure of a child drawing a bow, from which the arrow seems about to fly against the threatened shore, and from the topmast floats the consecrated banner, while, as though to claim for the enterprise the sacred character of a war for religion, the invader has added a cross to his own flag. Soon the whole armament anchors on the Sussex coast, and the landing is commenced without delay, led by the Norman archers in short dresses and with shaven heads; then follow the cavalry, wearing iron casques, and tunics, and *cusses* of mail, and armed with lances and straight double-edged swords; and next come the artificers, pioneers, and smiths, carrying piece

by piece three wooden castles, which have been cut beforehand to fit together, like huge puzzles. These two castles are pitched near Hastings, where the Duke traces a fortified camp. William surveys the country, and occupies the old Roman castle of Pevensey with a strong detachment, but he makes no effort to advance, and sixteen days elapse before he finds himself threatened by Harold, and the army of defence which has joined the standard of the English king from all quarters except the north. Harold has been to London, whence he has despatched a fleet of 700 vessels to hinder the escape of the Norman, of whom he has little fear. A Norman spy brings intelligence to William that the English army will soon number 100,000 men, but Harold is impatient to avenge the ravages of the invader, and hoping to profit by a sudden attack, marches to the Sussex coast by night, only six days after his arrival in London. The Norman outposts are first aware of the coming Saxons, and falling back announce that the foe is advancing with furious speed. Harold has received intelligence of the strength and number of the enemy, and altering his plans, encamps at Senlac (afterwards called *Battle*), surrounds his position with ditches and palisades, and awaits the attack. The Duke sends a monk—one Hugh Maigrot—to demand from the English king that he shall either resign his crown, submit to the arbitration of the Pope, or decide the quarrel by single combat. It would be idle to suppose that Harold fears the last alternative, but he refuses all three, upon which the monk is charged with another message—namely, “Go and tell Harold that if he will keep his old bargain with me I will leave him all the country beyond the river Humber, and will give his brother Gurth all the lands of his father, Earl Godwin; but if he obstinately refuse what I offer him, thou wilt tell him before all his people that he is perjured and a liar: that he and all those who support him are excommunicated by the

Pope, and that I carry a bull to that effect." As the monk delivers these words in a solemn tone, the Saxon chiefs show dismay at the word excommunication; but the conflict is for home, and land, and families, and they are determined not to yield. Some of the followers of Harold urge him not to venture all on the issue of an immediate battle, but to bide his own time, to harass the enemy by skirmishes till the provisions of the invader are exhausted and the whole country rises against him; but the king refuses to comply, and also turns a deaf ear to the entreaties of his brother Gurth, who implores him not to expose himself to the danger of leading his troops himself, after having made these vows which are charged against him. "To us, who have sworn nothing," says the young chief, "this war is proper and just, for we defend our country. Leave us, then, alone to fight this battle; thou wilt succour us if we are forced to retreat, and if we die thou wilt avenge us." But Harold cannot leave to others what he declares is his duty, and prepares for the conflict. The Normans have quitted Hastings and occupy an eminence opposite the Saxon camp. The night falls cold and clear. Among the Saxons it is spent in feasting, and the singing of their old patriotic songs. The Normans having looked to their arms and horses, listen to the chanting of litanies by the priests, confess themselves, and take the sacrament thousands at a time. As the day dawns (Saturday the 14th of October), Odo, Bishop of Bayeux, Duke William's half-brother, who is dressed in a coat of mail beneath his robes, celebrates mass and pronounces his benediction on the troops.

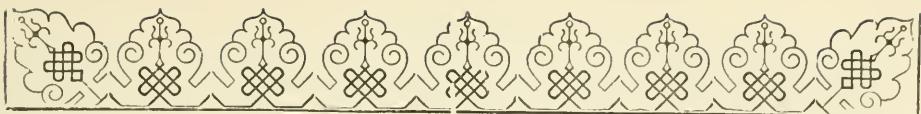
The Norman force is divided into three columns, the third of which, the flower of the army, is headed by William, who rides a fine Spanish horse, and wears round his neck some of the relics on which Harold was sworn. The Pope's holy banner is borne by Tonstaine the Fair, who has accepted the dangerous honour after it

has been refused by three of his companions. The Duke rides forward, turns, and addresses his followers, urging them to fight, and promising them bounty and the division of the land among them. The gigantic Taillefer, who is champion (or bully) minstrel and juggler to the Normans, spurs his horse to the front as he sings the songs of Charlemagne and Roland, throwing his sword into the air with one hand and catching it again with the other. He has asked the boon of permission to strike the first blow, and as he advances to Harold's line, perhaps while the English are wondering what he will do, he runs one man through the body and fells a second, but the third whom he attacks returns his onslaught with such address that he is mortally wounded. Now begins a battle fierce and bloody. The Normans shout, "Dieu aide! Dieu aide!" The Saxons, "Christ's rood! the holy rood!" They are still in their position on the ridge of the hill defended with trenches and palisades, and there stand Danish-fashion, shield to shield, presenting an impenetrable wall. The men of Kent are in the first line by reason of their old privilege; the burgesses of London are the body-guard drawn up around the royal standard, by which stand Harold and his two brothers, Gurth and Leofwin. The Norman bowmen commence a tremendous onslaught along the line, but without effect, and the cavalry thunder in a charge against that wall of steel, but are received with battle-axes, wielded with such effect that they crash through helm and cuirass, sever lances, and hack pieces from coats of mail. The Normans are baffled, and fall back in disorder to the Duke's division. William makes another attempt to divide the Saxon ranks by sending up all his archers and supporting them with a great body of cavalry, who attack with the lance, shouting as they go. Some of them break through the Saxon line, but are driven into a deep trench which has been artfully covered with brushwood, and others, following, are slain in

great numbers. There is a panic, for the cry goes forth that the Duke himself is killed. The terror is increasing, and the men flee, but are arrested by the figure of a warrior who stands before them, forces them back, strikes them with his lance, and tearing off his visor and helm, shouts, "Here I am—look at me! I am still alive, and will conquer by God's help." It is William. In another part of the field the fierce Bishop of Bayeux stops the rout. The battle has lasted from nine in the morning till three in the afternoon, and the English are still on the hill. The slaughter has been terrible. The English shields seem to be impervious to Norman arrows, and the Duke alters the method of attack. The archers fire in the air, and their arrows fall on the English, wounding them in head and face. Still they stand firm. Will nothing break that indomitable line? Why not make their well-known impetuosity and courage fatal to them by a stratagem? William orders a thousand horse to advance, and then, as though broken and disordered, to turn and flee. The English, deceived by what appears to be a rout, pursue the fugitives sword in hand, and with their battle-axes slung round their necks. But a fresh corps of Normans join the routed body, who at a given point turn and face about. The Normans are full of admiration for the skill and bravery of foes who scorn to surrender, and are their equals in battle. The fight rages on, and the heavy English battle-axe still cleaves a way—though it is too ponderous a weapon to use at close quarters. In another part of the field, the feint which draws the English from their entrenchments has been successful, but still the main body of Harold's army maintains its position.

A third time the stratagem is tried, and again succeeds; the Normans, horse and foot, burst into the enclosure, and the Saxon line is broken. But the victory is not yet. Rallying round Harold, who has himself been fighting in twenty places throughout the

day, the English repel the foe. Another fierce conflict, and Harold himself falls—a random arrow has pierced his eye and penetrated his brain. The Saxons close round the standard, themselves hemmed in by the Norman knights, who strive to reach the banner, but do not succeed till many of them are laid low, and not till Gurth and Leofwin lie dead at this last rallying-point. It is six o'clock in the evening, and the battle has lasted nine hours. Only by force of numbers have the Normans gained the victory, as they themselves generously acknowledge. The men of Kent and the East Angles make a last desperate but futile attempt to rally, and leave a heap of dead before they are defeated; but the English army is broken and dispirited, and having lost their great leader, disperse through the woods in the rear of their positions; and being followed by the Normans, re-form, again and again defending their retreat, and still leaving so many of those who strive to stay them dead upon the field that their opponents tire of the attempt. William has had three horses killed under him. The number of his chiefs and knights has been fearfully diminished, and the fourth part of his army has perished. It is a sad hour when the muster-roll is called over on the morning after this battle—a battle which, though it is “the Norman Conquest,” and is to change the entire government and social condition of England, is but the beginning of the actual conquest of the people. For there is many a field to fight, and seven long years will pass before Hereward and the free Danes will give their voluntary adhesion to William of Normandy, and by that time the Norman rule itself must be modified, and the old Saxon laws be recognised and to some extent confirmed.



THE EMPEROR HENRY IV. AT CANOSSA.

TN a room at the castle of the widowed Countess Matilda at Canossa, near the old town of Reggio (the Regium Lepidi of the Romans), in Lombardy, sits Pope Gregory VII. The countess, his powerful ally, has had short notice of his coming; for his Holiness was on his way to Augsburg, but, hearing that Henry IV., whom he has excommunicated, has appeared in Italy, where he has been welcomed by the Italian princes and bishops, who are also under the papal interdict, he was afraid to pursue his journey, and therefore sought safety in this stronghold of his powerful adherent. The winter has been colder than any known within living memory; the Rhine has been frozen over ever since St. Martin's Day, and there is no appearance of any mitigation of the severity of the weather. It is not to be wondered at that Gregory should be alarmed for his own safety, for he has heard that the emperor, who has previously defied his authority, has escaped from Spires, where he was to have been shut up until the Pope had returned from Augsburg, after settling the affairs of Germany, and that, having crossed the Alps, he is now in Lombardy. It must be a strong motive and an almost desperate enterprise which would tempt a man like Henry to undertake such a journey. He has not only the courage of a soldier, but the ability of a general, so that he must have formed some definite plan of proceeding. Long and anxious have been the conferences between the Pope and the countess, but to-day their anxiety has disappeared; and as the grey wintry day

closes in the darkness and mist of evening, they and their attendants may look from the window of the warmed and lighted room to see the Emperor of Germany, bare-headed and bare-foot, wrapped in a coarse woollen gown, and standing, a penitential suppliant, between the double walls of the fort, to the interior of which the haughty prelate refuses to admit him. In order to understand this extraordinary spectacle, we must remember that the union of the Church with the State—the spiritual power with the secular arm—had already changed the entire relative aspect of each. The rulers by the sword sought the moral sanction, if not the social support, of the hierarchy, and popes and prelates thenceforth began to regard themselves as potentates. Their kingdom became as much of this world as of heaven, and they grew dissatisfied unless they could themselves wield the secular power, of which they sought to become not only the allies, but the masters. Long before, when the Northern invaders entered the Roman Empire, they found the clergy endowed with great wealth, not from the State, but from the voluntary offerings of princes, nobles, and rich subjects, and possessing patrimonies in various countries. Those which consisted of tracts of unappropriated and uncultivated land were soon rendered fruitful by the labours of the monks and of those whom they paid to till the ground. This accumulated wealth went to the purchase of fresh estates, and those who entered monasteries often conferred their whole possessions on the community of which they became members. Some persons gave their property to the Church before going to war; and few rich persons dared to look forward to death with any degree of equanimity unless they had left legacies for charitable uses under the control of the clergy, or had made a gift to some religious foundation. Then came a time when the canonical penances imposed upon sinners who professed repentance were commuted for presents of money or land—a custom which was afterwards made a still more



THE EMPEROR HENRY IV. AT CANOSSA.

scandalous perversion, when the popes increased their revenues by the sale of dispensations and indulgences. The government of the Church was vested in the bishops, abbots, and higher clergy, who had authority to settle differences by arbitration, in cases where both parties agreed to abide by their decision ; while if the disputants belonged to the clergy they were not permitted to bring any suit—ecclesiastical, civil, or even criminal—before a secular magistrate. At first this authority was denied where only one of the contending parties was a clerical; but afterwards, through the accession of power gained by the Church, it seems to have been granted ; and, finally, Charlemagne appears to have exempted the whole of the clergy from the judicial authority of the secular magistrate.

At the same time, the councils of bishops which had once been convoked by Constantine to decide points of doctrine and ecclesiastical government, had become, in the new kingdom of the West, Councils of State ; and a design was already growing in the bosom of the Church itself to concentrate the whole ecclesiastical power in the person of the Pope, and to enter into a continuous, if a concealed, struggle for a spiritual supremacy which would in effect include the direction of the temporal power.

In Italy, in the year 1046, there was a complete disunion of the Church, in consequence of the pretensions of three rival popes, when Henry III., in order to terminate the scandal, held a great ecclesiastical convocation at Sutri, and causing these three competitors to be deposed, exercised and confirmed the imperial prerogative of electing the head of the Church by placing a German, the Bishop of Bamberg, in the chair, under the title of Clement II.

In 1049, Clement died—it was said that he was poisoned—and another German, the Bishop of Brixen, was sent to replace him as Pope Damasus II.; but he lived only three weeks. The Emperor Henry III. then elected one of his own relatives, Bruno of

Dachsburg, Bishop of Tull, who, as Leo IX., soon distinguished himself by his great ability and by his plans for reforming the Church. The principal evils with which he had to contend were the irregular election of the popes in Rome and the sale of benefices, each of which had its price and could be acquired by almost any purchaser, however scandalously unfit for the religious office. Leo made this practice a criminal offence, and persons who were found guilty were liable to severe punishments. In order thoroughly to investigate the conduct of the clergy, and to put a stop to the abuses which had arisen from this system of bribery, he made a journey to the countries over which his ecclesiastical influence extended. In France he was received with respect and obedience; but in Germany he met with such scorn and opposition that it was afterwards believed that the emperor regarded with jealousy the interference of a rival on whose head he had himself placed the tiara. In the year 1054 he died, was canonised by the Church, and became the guardian saint of Benevento. Throughout his earnest efforts for reforming the Church he had been zealously supported by the untiring energy and intellectual attainments of a young monk named Hildebrand, the son of a blacksmith of Siena, who had accompanied him to Germany, and whose great talents had quickly attracted his attention. It was this monk—already a conspicuous figure in the history of the time—who, on the death of Leo, hastened to Germany to entreat the emperor at once to appoint his successor. The choice fell upon Gebhard, Bishop of Eichstadt, who became Pope Victor II., and, at a council at Florence, declared that he would continue the reforms already commenced; but the next three years were occupied in a series of internal wars among the dukes, in which the emperor became entangled in his endeavour to settle contending claims by an assertion of his authority. The result of this was the disunion of

the German Netherlands. In the calamitous year 1056, in which war, earthquakes, plague, and famine visited the land, Henry fell sick, and died at Bothfeld, in the Hartz mountains, and the empire was left in the hands of the Empress Agnes and of her son Henry, then a child only five years of age. The empress, a refined, gentle, and pious woman, was unequal to the task of conciliating the fierce and rebellious nobles, and vainly sought to convert enemies into friends by bestowing upon them the vacant duchies, while at the same time she hoped that the dukes would support her authority against the growing assumptions of the archbishops.

Pope Victor died in 1057, and was succeeded by Stephen IX., who was elected by the Italians, and lived only one year, when the choice fell upon Benedict X., a pope so little to the liking of Hildebrand, who retained his powerful influence, that he induced the empress to nominate another pope, Gerhard of Burgundy, Bishop of Florence, who, as Nicolas II., was satisfied to support the policy of the monk, who was in reality the head of the Church—the astute, worldly-wise, pious, lofty ascetic, who could be pliant, and could even dissimulate and plot, to gain the end to which he zealously devoted his rare powers—the supremacy of ecclesiastical domination. Petrus Damiani, whose zeal and strict devotion to a blameless life made him the leader of monks and devotees, and Lanfranc, the accomplished theologian, afterwards so intimately associated with English history, were his coadjutors; but his own influence was so great that in 1059 he was able, at a council at Rome, to obtain the two Acts which at once severed the Church from the control of the State. The election of pope was in future to be independent of the emperor, and to be solely dependent on the votes of the cardinals and great ecclesiastics; and the pope was to be, like the emperor, paramount over the feudatories in his dominions.

In 1061 Nicolas II. died, and the cardinals at once put their

newly-assumed power into effect by electing Alexander II.—a step which so alarmed and aroused the empress that she declared the election void, and caused Honorius II. to be nominated by the German bishops. Thus she had opposed to her not only the turbulent nobles, who were ever defying the imperial rule, but the monk whose life was devoted to its subjection. But there were two other men, each of whom was anxious to depose her and to assume the regency—Anno, the cold, cruel, and ambitious Archbishop of Cologne, and Adalbert, the refined, accomplished, and licentious Archbishop of Bremen. Each of them conspired to obtain the custody of the young Prince Henry. Anno took for his confederates Otto of Nordheim, the famous general, and Ekbert, Markgraf of Meissen, the valiant knight, who were both hereditary enemies of the reigning dynasty. In 1062, the empress and her son were invited to observe the Easter festival at Kaiserworth, and after the banquet the boy was enticed to go out to look at a fine boat upon the river. A vessel was waiting, and he was at once taken on board. When it had put off from the shore, the young prince perceived the intention of his captors, and, with hereditary courage, leaped into the water in order to escape from them; but he was instantly followed by Ekbert, who carried him back to the vessel and bore him off to Cologne, in spite of the entreaties of his mother and the execrations of the villagers, who pursued the vessel for some distance along the banks of the river. Agnes, broken-hearted, retired to a convent, and Anno artfully obtained a decree from an assembly of the vassals of the empire appointing as regent the bishop in whose diocese the young emperor resided. Henry was little more than a prisoner at Cologne, and was educated under strict discipline, which, however, only lasted for a short time. The dispute between the two popes reached such a pitch that the new Regent was called into Italy, where he became a supporter of

Hildebrand in upholding the interests of the Church, and consequently confirmed the election of Alexander by the cardinals. During his absence, however, his rival, Adalbert of Bremen, had contrived to carry off the youthful emperor, and, therefore, by the decree which had been passed, became Regent. Henry was at once transferred to a very different life from that which he had passed at Cologne. Adalbert, who had been a favourite of Henry III., was noble by birth, refined, handsome, polished, witty, and learned ; but his court was a scene of thoughtless levity and licentiousness. The sale of benefices was shamelessly carried on ; the youth was encouraged in idleness, and was taught to regard with contempt, not only the dukes, but the German, and especially the Saxon, people, with whom the archbishop was engaged in a feud. It may easily be supposed that when, in 1065, Henry was declared capable of bearing arms, this evil training had already had its effect, and that when he afterwards set up his splendid imperial court at Goslar it was a scene of riot, debauchery, and extravagance. The Saxons were treated with harshness and unconcealed dislike ; the peasantry were ground down with taxation, and the habits of the boy emperor were a scandal to the whole nation. Adalbert was the prime mover in all State affairs ; and the jealousy with which he was regarded by the powerful vassals of the empire enabled Anno again to interfere by convoking a general assembly, before which Henry was cited to appear. As he refused to comply, his castle was surrounded, and he was seized, after a struggle, in which one of his favourites was slain. Adalbert narrowly escaped being taken prisoner, and was compelled to remain in concealment for three years afterwards, while his lands were laid waste by the Saxons. The court was broken up, and Henry was compelled to listen to the demands of his captors, one of which was that he should marry Bertha, daughter of the Italian Markgraf of Susa, to whom he had been affianced—a noble

and high-minded woman, who, in spite of his subsequent neglect, faithlessness, and insult, remained so unwaveringly attached to his fortunes that she eventually won his heart by the force of her virtue and devotion.

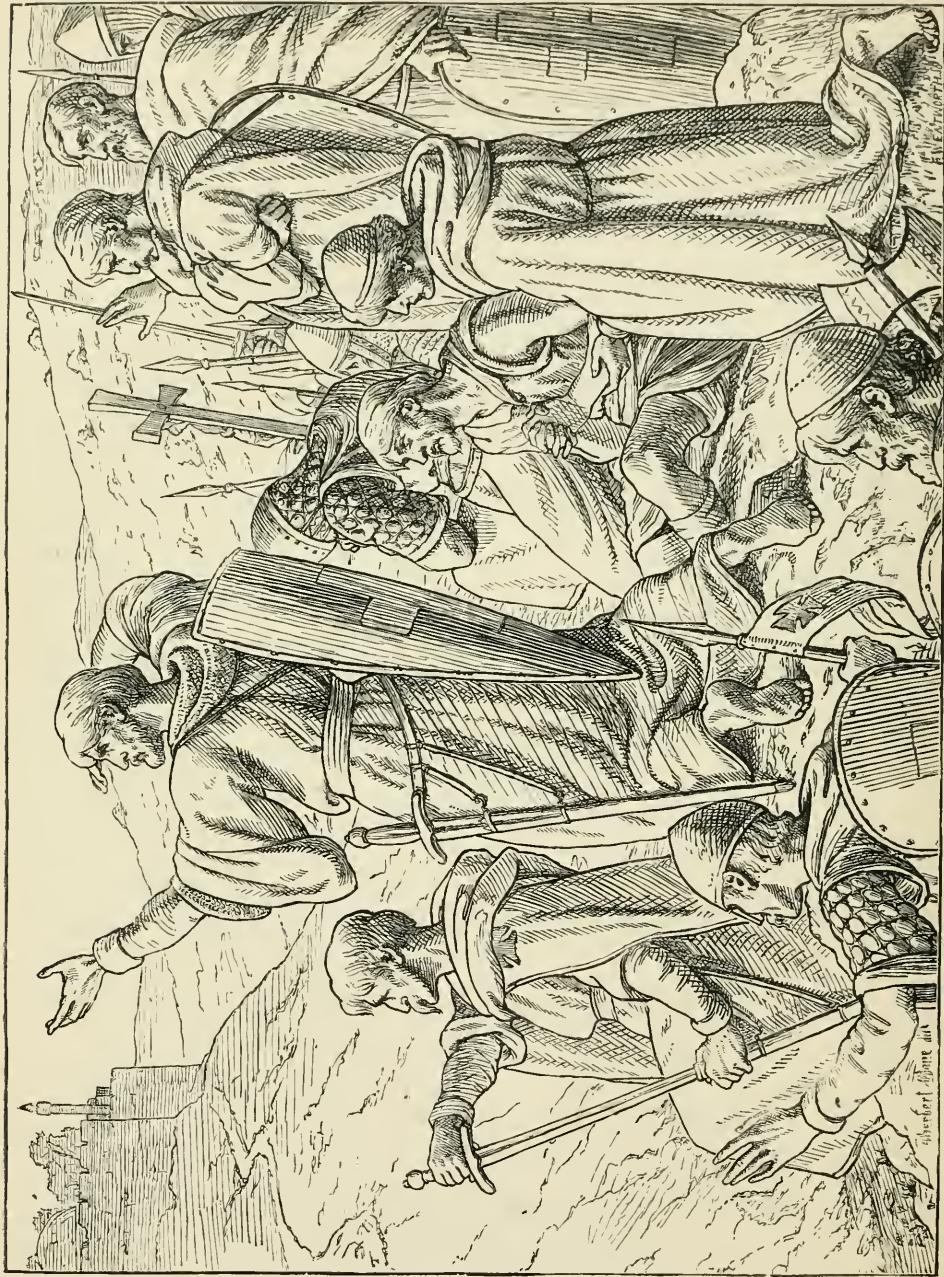
Events of very great significance were taking place during the year 1066 : one of the chief of them being the invasion of England by William, Duke of Normandy, who was greatly favoured both by the Pope and the emperor—by the former because he had viewed with uneasiness the independent spirit of the Anglo-Saxon clergy ; by the latter in consequence of his regarding William as an ally, and permitted him to raise soldiers within his State, thus adding numbers of Germans to the invading army. Anno was again in power, but the whole empire was a scene of anarchy, in consequence of the contest between the Church and the feudal lords for the acquisition of property and of offices of State.

But Pope Alexander II. died in 1073, and Hildebrand himself assumed the pontifical chair, under the title of Gregory VII., a name which marks an era in the history of the Church and of the world. In Spain, France, and Hungary the papal authority was respected ; in England and Germany its influence was far less acknowledged, and the new pontiff discovered that he could place little dependence upon Henry, and must act alone in his great scheme for the reformation and aggrandisement of the clergy and the refusal to permit the laity to interfere in ecclesiastical matters. Not only did he claim the right to nominate bishops and abbots, but to put them in possession of their temporal dominions, which embraced a third of the soil. He then decreed the celibacy of the clergy, whereas at that time monks only were obliged to remain unmarried —bishops and priests having wives and children. This edict met with tremendous opposition, but he enforced it, and also confirmed the dogma of transubstantiation, declaring that the priest alone,

whether personally worthy or unworthy, was able by virtue of his office to transform the host into the real body of the Saviour. His legates despatched to foreign Courts or to remote districts were “infallible” while acting on his behalf, and he declared “the Pope is instead of God on earth, therefore all powers, whether temporal or spiritual, are subject to him. The Pope is the Sun, the Emperor the Moon that shines with borrowed light.”

Henry did not think so, and when Gregory in the character of umpire between the emperor and his rebellious subjects openly accused him of selling benefices, and haughtily commanded him to come to Rome, he answered by holding a convocation of German bishops at Worms and deposing the Pope. In return Gregory excommunicated the emperor, and though excommunication had become, and remained afterwards, an ecclesiastical act used for secular and political purposes, and so, especially in France and England, was frequently repeated and removed according to circumstances, the effect of placing Henry under the interdict was at that time serious and immediate. Only the free cities and the peasantry, who had always been opposed to papacy, remained on his side; the rest of his subjects avoided him. The Saxons were again in arms, and all the enemies of the empire were ready to attack him now that he was abandoned by his friends. In a diet held at Oppenheim he was formally deprived of his dignity until he had freed himself from the interdict, and in order to make this impossible he was kept closely at Spires and prevented from communicating with Italy. All that remained for him was to escape from the custody of the rebellious nobles and to find his way to Rome, to implore the Pope to release him from the ban. This is the journey that has brought him to Canossa. Accompanied by his devoted wife Bertha, their infant son, and a solitary faithful knight, said to be Frederick of Buren, he has crossed the Alps

during the dreadful winter weather, Bertha being drawn over the ice at the St. Bernard on an ox-hide, while her husband climbed the rocky paths. Gregory, in his monstrous pride and arrogance, has assumed the utmost severity, commanding him to come as a penitent to Canossa. Henry, being admitted to the castle, is kept there between those double walls for three days and three nights without food, until, moved by the entreaties of those around him, and especially of Matilda, the Pope calls him into his presence and releases him from the interdict on condition of his leaving the settlement of the national affairs to Gregory himself, and not resuming the imperial title without the pontifical permission. A solemn mass is performed, amidst which Gregory vows his innocence of the accusation brought against him by the emperor, and challenges Henry to deny, if he dare, the faults laid to his charge by the Pope. Henry refuses, and after suffering all kinds of humiliation, is released. But it is not likely that he will keep the vow that has been extorted from him. Accused of cowardice, and still deserted by his friends, he will take prompt action. Gregory still shut up in Canossa—unable either to go to Augsburg or to return to Rome—the state of war, bloodshed, and anarchy will be renewed and continued until his death and the election of another pope, Urban the Second, who, repeatedly excommunicating Henry, will be eventually deposed by him. Clement III. will be reinstated, and the empire pacified by a succession of victories and political combinations, which will last till the ingratitude and treachery of his youngest son brings the grey hairs of the once turbulent, but in his later years the more peacable and virtuous, emperor to an almost nameless grave, on an island where he will be buried in 1106, and where an aged pilgrim will keep watch over his tomb till 1111, when, freed from excommunication, his body may be laid by the side of that of his faithful Bertha in the Cathedral at Spires.



CRUSADES IN SIGHT OF JERUSALEM.



THE FIRST CRUSADE.

TIS at daybreak on the morning of the 10th of June, 1099, that a multitude of knights and armed men, followed by pilgrims, soldiers, priests, monks, and the hangers-on of a great irregular army, climb the heights of Emmaus with bare feet. They have been all night marching from Nicopolis, and on their journey have witnessed an eclipse of the moon, which they hailed as a happy omen, since it symbolised the defeat of that crescent flag which is the emblem of the Mohammedan foe. As they ascend in eager haste to reach the summit of the hills, the soft, pearly light is tinged with rosy hues, and with one accord these men, worn with battle and with toil, fall upon their knees and kiss the sacred soil; for yonder, shining in the glory of the new-born day, lies the Holy City of Jerusalem, which they have come to wrest from the hands of the Turks.

This armed band, whose leaders wear over their armour a surcoat marked on the breast with a crimson cross, are but the remnant of a vast army which has set out on the first Crusade under that mighty warrior Godfred or Godefroy, Duke of Lower Lothringia (Brabant), surnamed Bouillon—from his castle which is so called—the old ally of the Emperor Henry IV. against Rudolf, the pretender to the crown. At the head of 10,000 horse and 70,000 infantry he led this great movement, with which all Christendom was stirring, and to his aid came knights and princes—the flower of European chivalry. His brothers

Eustace and Baldwin; his cousin Baldwin de Bourg; the other Baldwin of Hennegau, the Frisian Count Robert of Flanders, hereafter to be known as Robert of Jerusalem; Hugh de Vermandois, brother of Philip King of France; Robert Duke of Normandy, the brave, courtly, passionate, licentious son of the Conqueror of England; the aged, one-eyed Count Raimund of Toulouse; the fair-haired Bohemund, that giant son of the great Robert Guiscard, most famous of Norman knights and nobles; and Tancred, whose name is in all men's mouths as the foremost among that same warlike race, have joined in this vast enterprise, the beginning of which has already deluged cities with blood, has been accompanied by rapine, robbery, treachery, cruelty, and persecution, and will continue in a succession of wars for 200 years, during which it will help to give the popes almost overwhelming power in Europe, where the flame of war will be fanned by the breath of priests.

The barbarous cruelties inflicted by the Turks upon large numbers of Christian pilgrims who visited Jerusalem, had already fired the indignation of every State in Europe. At first all that was demanded was a free right of pilgrimage to the Holy Sepulchre, and this right being denied or disregarded, the contest became one for the possession of Jerusalem itself. The result was comparatively worthless, so far as territorial conquest was concerned; and, unhappily, the struggle, which was at first honourable in intention, became degraded by the desire for power and for vengeance: but the consequences were of vast importance in the future history of the world, and there have been few epochs in the experience of mankind which have more strikingly exemplified the truth that God "maketh even the wrath of man to praise Him." For though the course of these successive expeditions was marked by crime and bloodshed, they were instrumental in breaking up the isolation of nations, and eventually in opening new

sources of mutual advantage, both by means of commerce and by the spread of various arts and sciences among bigoted and warlike peoples, who, in pursuing a war of fanaticism, gradually learned to be less fanatic, by observing that there were wider and holier views of religious duty than were to be found in the semi-pagan practices of many of the professed followers of the Christian Church in the West.

So long as the Arabs held the Holy City under the Caliphs, and afterwards while the Fatemides reigned in Palestine, bands of black-robed pilgrims, bearing staff and rosary, and wearing broad hats adorned with scallop-shells, went every year unmolested to visit the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem, where they were not only protected, but respected. The keys of the Holy Sepulchre itself had been sent as a present by Haroun al Raschid to the Emperor Charlemagne, and the Christians were welcomed by the courteous Arabs. But the Arabian Empire was divided. The Turks, who had been mercenaries, became masters, and with brutal ferocity began to insult, to persecute, and even to slay the pilgrims. The account which those who returned from the Holy City gave of the barbarities inflicted on them had already excited the fury of the lower orders of the people, when, in 1003, Pope Sylvester began to preach a crusade against the Seljuk Turks for the possession of the Holy Sepulchre.

Under the Caliph Dehar the protection of the Christians was resumed, and the practice of making the journey to the Holy Sepulchre then grew in extent, while the reputation of being a pilgrim was so important that princes as well as commoners assumed the staff and cockle-shell, and became wanderers. Robert of Normandy was one of the earliest to set this example, in 1033, and he was followed by other distinguished persons, both men and women; but the first great company of devotees was headed by Siegfrid,

Archbishop of Mayence, and three bishops, who, in 1064, led 7,000 pilgrims to Jerusalem. The journey was attended with frequent dangers ; and at one time 12,000 Arabs attacked them, and one of the sheikhs forced his way into the house in which the bishops had taken refuge. Of the 7,000 who went to the Holy Land, only 2,000 returned.

Twenty-two years later, the Turks had again taken possession of Jerusalem, and their ferocious persecutions were renewed. The indignation of all Europe was again aroused, and it only needed a spark to set ablaze the demand for stern and fierce retribution. The train was fired by the appearance of a French pilgrim of Amiens, who was called Peter the Hermit. He had returned from Palestine with a petition from the persecuted Patriarch of Jerusalem, and asserted that he had been commissioned by Christ to save the Holy Sepulchre. In pilgrim's weeds, soiled and travel-stained, he rode upon an ass through France and Italy, bearing in one hand the letter and in the other a crucifix, and making fervent appeals to the people to join in supporting a war of the Cross. The general feeling was aroused. The Pope himself addressed the multitude in a large field at Clermont. A vast number of people responded, but they were chiefly those of the lower orders, many of whom were suffering from famine through a failure in the crops, and were also oppressed by the nobility. They doubtless felt an enthusiasm which was none the less powerful because their engagement in a religious war under the sanction of the Church would release them from thraldom ; and, in fact, it was afterwards declared that every serf capable of bearing arms who volunteered for the Crusade should become free. A company of 15,000 men were soon ready to march, but they disagreed by the time they reached Hungary, and were almost destroyed in Bulgaria, whither Peter the Hermit, with another 50,000 men, followed ; and taking Semlin by storm, forced

his way through the Bulgarians, to be afterwards beaten by them at Nisoa, whence, after losing 10,000 men, he led his army of pilgrims to Constantinople, where they appeared at the gates bearing green branches of the palm.

The religious enthusiasm had grown to fanaticism. Germany had taken fire; signs were beheld in the heavens; Charlemagne had arisen from his grave to head the crusade. Men were wild with excitement, and to them wonders were not wanting. A priest named Gottschalk led 15,000 men into Hungary, and laid the country waste; after which, delivering up their arms on promise of a free passage, the whole force was cut to pieces. Another expedition of greater magnitude followed from France, and passed through Germany without a leader, senselessly following the direction taken by a goose and a goat, which were driven on in front. The vast multitude grew as they progressed, and there was no person of distinction among them, but one French knight, until the Germans joined them, when the priest Volkmar and Count Emicho von Leinigen, who sought to do penance for his past sins, placed themselves at their head. The spirit, not of penance nor of religion, but of blind vengeance, led them soon to bloodshed. There were infidels in Europe to be exterminated before proceeding to Asia. A general attack was made on the Jews, of whom 12,000 were murdered, numbers committing suicide and slaying their children rather than fall into the hands of this infuriated mob, while others pretended to become converts. In Mayence, the Archbishop protected these wretched people and shut them in the great hall of his castle; but the pilgrims broke in, and murdered 700 of them in his presence. At Spires the Jews fought for their lives; at Ems they committed suicide. At Magdeburg the infamous Archbishop Ruprecht attacked them during one of their solemn feasts, and seized their property. The band of pilgrims, numbering

200,000—most of whom were women, priests, and an unarmed rabble, while only a small proportion were fighting-men—swept into Hungary, and were taken with a sudden panic, the reasons for which have not been explained, but during which they were routed, and almost all of them were slain—Emicho escaping to return in disgrace, and the remnant of the blood-stained band reaching Constantinople by another route through Italy. But another expedition had already set off from Italy by sea, its numbers augmented from Pisa, Genoa, and Venice, till 100,000 pilgrims assembled beneath the walls of Constantinople under the banner of Peter the Hermit, and were as soon as possible sent into Asia by the Emperor Alexius, who grew tired of supplying their urgent wants. Once in Asia, their leader had intended to await the arrival of the great expedition of knights; but his forces were already without control, and the French commenced a series of raids upon Turkish territory—an example soon followed by the Germans, who garrisoned a fort, where they were ultimately betrayed by their leader, and surrounded by the Turks, who slew 3,000 of them, while nearly at the same time the French and Italian contingents were utterly defeated.

It was after these wretched disasters, by which so much innocent blood was shed, and such numbers of men, women, and children perished, that the first regular Crusade set out—a valiant and mighty host, led by the greatest knights of the lands from which it had been gathered. The numbers are declared to have been 600,000 men; but this is probably an exaggeration of the troubadours and romancists. Let us take it at 400,000, and even then its diminished ranks, now that it has reached the very borders of the Holy City, will tell of the desperate work it has undertaken. As soon as they set foot in Asia, they were roused to vengeance by the sight of the unburied skeletons and corpses of those who had

preceded them. Their first exploit—the taking of Nicaea—cost them dear; and the Normans, with whom were a great number of ladies, and who had separated from the main body to look for supplies, would have been destroyed by the Turks, who attacked them, but for Godfred's timely aid and rescue. Across burning wastes and almost trackless deserts, the great army, with its host of non-combatants, advanced, their path strewed with the dying and the dead. Numbers turned back in despair; but Godfred never wavered, and his brother Baldwin, joined by bands of Dutch, Frisian, and Flemish pirates, pressed forward, and took the town of Edessa, where a great procession of Armenian Christians, bearing crosses and banners, came to meet him, and paid him homage. The main army, said to have numbered 300,000, laid siege to Antioch, the splendid city of which the Greek Emperor had been deprived thirteen years before, but it seemed to be impregnable, and famine and sickness rapidly diminished the host of the Crusaders. There were but 700 horses in the camp, but, mounted on these, 700 knights made an onslaught upon an enormous body of the enemy's cavalry, and captured a thousand horses. Godfred himself performed prodigies of valour, while it is declared that his arm was so strong that he once cleft through a Turk with one single down-stroke of his mighty sword. He was visited by some wandering Arabs, who, having heard of his extraordinary strength, begged him to exhibit his powers; and, in reply, he lopped off the heads of some of their camels at one blow.

In order to raise the siege of Antioch, the Sultan of Bagdad assembled a great army under his Vizier Kabugha, but the city was already in the possession of the Christians, to whom it had been betrayed in June, 1098. They were now besieged by the Turks, whose troops completely surrounded the city. Their sufferings were terrible, for no supplies of food could reach them.

Numbers of the pilgrims contrived to escape by letting themselves down by ropes from the city walls, and thence reaching the sea-shore, where they persuaded the captains of the Genoese ships that Antioch was lost, and induced them to take them on board to return home. The Emperor Alexius, who was marching to the relief of the beleaguered city, in order to take possession of it in his own name, turned back, and Godfred, his knights, and the pilgrims who remained, were left without aid or the means of escape, their numbers daily diminishing, and the survivors wandering about the streets weak, famishing, and almost despairing. Confidence was restored by the announcement of a priest, one Peter Barthelemy, that the Apostle Andrew had revealed to him the spot where the holy lance, with which the Saviour had been pierced, was buried; that they were to seek it and bear it before them to victory. The rusted head of a lance was found in the place indicated, and Peter the Hermit entered the camp of the enemy, and threatened the chief Kabugha with instant destruction unless he became a Christian. The message was regarded as the ravings of a madman, and the blockade was continued, with a most contemptuous want of precaution. While Kabugha was playing a game of chess, a black banner was raised on the highest tower of Antioch, and the Crusaders marched out of the gates, preceded by Bishop Adema, bearing on high the holy lance. They swept on in battle array, singing hymns, as they hurled themselves against the foe, who were taken by surprise and routed, with the loss of a hundred thousand men. The immense camp was taken, and the Christians, leaping upon the Turkish horses, pursued the flying host, slaying as they went. After a general thanksgiving, Bohemund was named King of Antioch, and the Mohammedans were unable to resist the advance of the now reinvigorated army, who were received with joy by the Syrian Christians and with satisfaction

by the Arabian Emirs, who felt the gall of the Turkish yoke. There were, however, dissensions among the Crusaders themselves, and Peter Barthelemy was accused of having invented a fable when he professed to discover the holy lance, and to have made use of this device in the exigency of the moment. To prove his innocence he underwent the ordeal by fire, and passed between two burning piles with the lance in his hand. He came out alive, but only survived a short time.

A strong reinforcement joined the pilgrims, and among them Edgar Atheling, the last of the royal Anglo-Saxon race. The Caliph of Egypt sent costly gifts and desired to form an alliance with the Christians to drive the Turks out of Syria; but their journey was near its accomplishment, and they had already looked forward to the moment when they should enter Jerusalem and fulfil their mission. Now that they behold the sacred city, the difficulties before them may well seem insuperable; for the great army of the first Crusade has dwindled down to fifteen hundred horse and twenty thousand foot—the country is an arid waste—the city is strongly garrisoned—the Genoese fleet, which has just landed troops, is blockaded in the harbour of Joppa by the Egyptians. Who shall foretell the events that are to happen in the next five weeks? how the Genoese sailors, leaving their ships, will come to the camp of Jerusalem to make scaling-ladders, and high towers mounted on wheels, by which the warriors may climb to the walls; how “Greek fire” will be cast upon these machines to destroy them; how the pilgrims will march round the city in solemn procession chanting hymns and dooming it as Jericho was doomed in old time; how Peter the Hermit will preach on the Mount of Olives, where, after two days’ storming of the city, a knight in white and shining armour will be beheld standing and encouraging the army of the pilgrims to battle. Who shall tell how the brothers Ludolf and Engelbert leap to the

battlements, followed by Godfred and his knights, and all the Christian warriors, who will gain the city and set its streets running with blood? Alas! who shall recount how, when seventy thousand of the infidels are slain, the work of carnage will go on? how the Jews will be burnt alive in their synagogue, and the cruel sword shall kill and spare not—even among the aged, the women, and the children? and how Godfred, in the garb of a penitent, and with unsandalled feet, will kneel before the Holy Sepulchre, and the Crusaders, laying down their arms, will walk through the blood-stained streets, singing penitential psalms, as they move with slow footsteps to “the place where the Lord lay”—the Lord who died for men. On the 15th of July, 1099, all this will have happened, and the men who now look down upon the Holy City will have accomplished their task after the long and wearisome pilgrimage—battle, plague, famine, and the death of thousands of their fellows. Godfred will be proclaimed King of Jerusalem, Baldwin Prince of Edessa, Tancred Count of Galilee; but the power of the Crusaders will be of short duration. Divided by quarrels and internal factions, surrounded by powerful and active foes, separated from their country and fighting among themselves for the power which is still claimed by the Pope and the Church, the first Crusade will have accomplished little, and will be followed by others growing weaker and more futile, the last really chivalric struggle being that in which Richard of the Lion Heart will bear a chief part, and the names of the noble Saladin and his generous brother will take a place in the romance and the history of Europe.





THE SIGNING OF MAGNA CHARTA.

“**E**T the day be the 15th of June, the place Runnymede.”

Such is the curt answer sent to King John by Fitzwalter, Eustace de Vesci, Richard de Percy, Robert de Roos, Peter de Brus, Nicholas de Stuteville, Saier de Quenci (Earl of Winchester), William de Mowbray, Fulk Fitzwarine, Robert de Vere, and many other earls and great barons, who, burning with indignation at the treachery, cowardice, and debauchery of him who has betrayed and desolated England, have bound themselves by a solemn oath, at the high altar at the shrine of St. Edmund, that if the king refuses the rights they claim, as granted by Henry I., they will withdraw their fealty and make war upon him till by a charter under his own seal he shall confirm their just petitions.

It was the base ingratitude of John, his youngest son, which gave the last death-blow to Henry II. His other sons, Henry, Richard, and Geoffrey, had all rebelled against him, leagued themselves with France, led his barons from their fealty, and made war upon him in Normandy to hold the territories which they claimed as vassals of the French king. Their mother, Eleanor of Poictou and Aquitaine, whom Henry married immediately after her separation from her first husband, Louis VII., had endeavoured to abandon him, and to escape to the French court; but he had arrested and placed her in prison. His eldest son had married the daughter of Louis in those turbulent years after the murder of

Thomas à Becket, and had died after entreating and receiving the forgiveness of his father—a forgiveness which had repeatedly been declared and confirmed by royal territorial gifts to each of the three young men, who had as repeatedly violated their vows of repentance. At Prince Henry's death, a momentary reconciliation had taken place between the king and his remaining sons. The queen was liberated for a short time to be present at a solemn meeting wherein “peace and final concord was established, and confirmed by writing and sacrament,” and in this transaction the young Prince John was included; he who had been too young to rebel, on whom his father had lavished affection, and to whom it was suspected Henry would leave the English crown. It may have been this suspicion which led to a renewal of hostilities in this unhappy family, where the love of power and the lust after wealth seemed to overcome every natural feeling, and were as conspicuous in the brave, crafty, and politic king as in his sons. Geoffrey demanded the dukedom of Anjou, and being refused, again retired to the French court, where the young and active Philip II. had succeeded Louis. There the English prince was killed at a tournament, where he was trampled by the horses' feet. Philip buried him with great pomp, and invited Richard, who was already known as “the Lion Heart,” to be his guest and friend, though they were afterwards to become the bitterest foes. Richard again revolted, and was once more pardoned after swearing fealty; but the suspicion that John was intended as his father's successor seems to have had the effect of driving him into another rebellion. When Henry refused the proposition of Philip that Richard should be named his heir, the hot-headed young man broke out into open hostilities, and immediately did homage to the French king, who presented him with lands and castles, which the latter had captured from Henry. No wonder that such troubles shook

the iron frame and dimmed the eagle glance of the king, who was then nearly fifty-six years old. He prepared for the renewal of the interminable war, and the Church upheld his claims, but though there was another conference, no peace could be ratified. Normandy was faithful to him, and he caused the seneschal to swear to deliver the fortresses to his beloved son; but Aquitaine, Poictou, and Brittany were with Richard, and broken-spirited, and deserted by many of the barons, he at last solicited peace. He was lying on his camp-bed, worn with sickness and sorrow, when the envoys brought him the conditions to sign. As they read them they came to a provision referring to the vassals who had deserted him to join Richard, and he asked for a list of their names. It was given him, and the very first name on which his eye rested was that of John. The broken-hearted king started from his bed and exclaimed, "Is it true that John, the child of my heart—he whom I have cherished more than all the rest, and for love of whom I have drawn down on mine head all these troubles—hath verily betrayed me? Let everything go as it will, I have no longer care for myself or for the world."

Richard, when he heard of his father's death, joined the funeral procession, and looked on the face of the corpse as it lay in the Abbey of Fontevraud. Then after a short prayer before the altar, he left the church, as the grave closed over the remains of the late king. Queen Eleanor was released, and summoned the barons to Winchester to secure the crown to this her favourite son, who promptly and with characteristic energy made good his claim, and was received with alacrity by the people and the nobles. Richard hastened to collect all the money that could be obtained in addition to the treasure left by Henry, and departed with an army to the Holy War, while the crafty John made no objection to anything, as he would be left in full authority, and his brother might never return alive.

The whole conduct of John was afterwards characterised by the same treachery and duplicity which marks his earlier career. That he did not lack physical courage is certain, and he had some of those qualities which made the Plantagenets military commanders, but he was false and cruel. The knowledge or suspicion that Richard had named his nephew Arthur to succeed him on the throne of England, led, as we all know, to that awful tragedy which ended in the murder of the young prince, who had, however, been supported by Philip of France, and so became a dangerous enemy to John after he had assumed the crown. Before the return of Richard from Palestine, and especially while the Lion Heart was the prisoner of the Emperor of Germany, John had begun to play the tyrant, and but for the Primate, Stephen Langton, the most remarkable ecclesiastic of his time, whose loyalty to the nation and to English liberty was ready to brave even the commands of the Pope himself, the country might have been reduced to slavery.

John, hated by the people and distrusted by the barons, seized the kingdom by foreign aid, and gave himself up to indolence, debauchery, and rapacious extortion. He would not fight unless he was compelled, but made high-sounding promises, took solemn oaths, and subscribed important treaties, without any real intention of keeping them, while his cruelties and exactions kept the country in a state of perpetual desire for vengeance. His uncontrollable temper, as well as his constant perfidy, led to the loss of his possessions in Normandy and the other French provinces. He seized upon the Church estates at Canterbury, demanding that a bishop of his own should be appointed to the see, while the Pope had canonically appointed Stephen Langton. The result was that the monks, threatened with death, fled to Flanders. No man could cultivate the land, and the whole of England was placed under an interdict by the Pope. The churches were closed; no sacred rites

were administered, and the dead were buried without prayers and in unconsecrated ground. This lasted a year, and such was John's conduct that the whole nation was against him. Then the Pope excommunicated him, and he trembled because he knew that the next pontifical act would be to pronounce his deposition, and absolve his vassals from their oaths of allegiance. This was done, and the Pope called upon Christian princes and nobles to take part in dethroning an impious tyrant and authorised an immediate invasion of England by the French king, who was promised the remission of his sins if he drove John from the throne. Philip, nothing loth, raised an army, and was ready to set out, but John, terrified and humiliated, was ready to promise obedience to the Pope and satisfaction to the monks of Canterbury. He promised to receive all the exiled bishops and clergy, particularly Stephen Langton, to make restitution ; for which £8,000 should be paid at once, and not to persecute any one on account of the late disagreement. William, Earl of Salisbury, and the Earls of Warenne and Ferrars were bound for him. The king took an oath of fealty to the Pope, and Philip's invasion was stayed, much to his indignation. He would have resisted, but the Earl of Flanders refused his aid, and Philip then turned against him, and at once took several towns, and besieged Ghent ; but the English fleet of 500 vessels at Portsmouth at once sailed for the coast of Flanders, under the command of the Earl of Holland and the Earl of Salisbury, John's half-brother. The result was the defeat of the much larger French fleet at Damme, the port of Bruges, and this victory raised the enthusiasm of the people ; but John at once made use of it as a means for exercising his duplicity. He was already waiting to break his oaths, and when he proposed to carry the war into France, the barons, suspecting him, refused to embark till he recalled the exiles. Langton and the bishops,

with their clergy, returned accordingly ; but nobody believed in the promises of the lying tyrant, who evidently hated Langton with bitter vindictiveness.

The time had come to demand a substantial amendment of the laws, and the barons had already determined to form a league for protecting themselves and the nation against a lawless sovereign ; but John submitted to the Pope with such hypocritical alacrity, and renewed his vows so freely, that sides were changed, the interdict was removed, and the court of Rome was once more on the side of the king and against the barons. But neither they nor Archbishop Langton swerved from the determination to demand redress of grievances. John then joined a strong combination against Philip, but lost all the towns and castles that he had before taken, and was compelled to beg for a truce, upon which he returned to England, and as though he desired to wreak his vengeance on his own people, let loose a host of foreign mercenaries on the land. The barons were resolute, and the time had come. It was at the Feast of St. Edmund at Edmundsbury on the 20th of November, 1213, that they singly took the solemn oath at the high altar, and they parted only to meet again at the Feast of the Nativity. John, who was at Worcester, found himself almost alone ; for none of his great vassals came to congratulate him as usual. He became alarmed, and took horse to London, where he shut himself up in the strong house of the Knights Templars. The barons followed him boldly, and on the Feast of Epiphany (for they chose the religious festivals for every step that they made) demanded and obtained an audience. The traitor turned bully, and endeavoured to intimidate them ; but this was futile, except in the case of one recreant bishop and two barons. John was crafty enough to see that he must temporise. "Your petition contains weighty matter and arduous," said he ; "you must

grant me time till Easter, that with due deliberation I may be able to do justice to myself and satisfy the dignity of my crown." The barons consented, but only on the condition that Langton (now cardinal), and William Earl of Pembroke should be the king's sureties. Neither of these was likely to let him escape from his promise, but he began at once to plot to outwit them by assiduous concessions to Rome, by an appeal to the Pope against "the treasonable violence of his vassals, by tendering a new oath of allegiance to the people through the sheriffs of the different counties." The barons also sent to Rome, but it was of little avail. The Pope wrote an emphatic letter to Langton, but that prelate remained firm to the cause. John then "took the cross," and swore to take an army to the Holy Land; but this expedient did not move the barons, who on the appointed day in Easter-week met at Stamford with great military display, and followed by 2,000 knights and a host of retainers. The king was at Oxford; the barons marched to Brackley, within a few miles of that city, where they were met by a deputation from John; no others, in fact, than the Cardinal Langton, the Earl of Pembroke, and the Earl Warenne. To these the schedule of the barons' demands was delivered. "These are our claims," they said, "and if they are not instantly granted, our arms shall do us justice." When John had them read to him, he burst into a violent passion, then proposed some evasive amendments, which were rejected. Pandulph, who was with the king, called on Langton to excommunicate the confederates; but that bold prelate denied that the Pope's intentions had been signified, and that unless the king dismissed his foreign mercenaries, he would excommunicate *them*. The barons, proclaiming themselves "the Army of God and of the Holy Church," marched to Northampton, and thence to Bedford. Their anxiety was to know on which side the free burghers would array themselves, for the traders had been increasing

in weight and influence. The people of Bedford received them freely, and messengers from London represented that the citizens would be devoted to their cause. Without delay they marched to Ware, and thence to London, which they reached on Sunday morning, the 24th of May, 1215. The gates were open, the people hearing mass in the churches, when the army entered in profound silence. The next day the barons issued proclamations to the whole of the barons of England and their retainers to join them. From all parts of England, nobles, knights, and men-at-arms came to their standard. The whole nobility of the country left their castles, and John was deserted, except by seven knights. The perjured king, however, retained his cunning, declared that what his lieges had done was well done, and sent the Earl of Pembroke to London to assure the barons that for the good of peace and the exaltation of his reign he was ready freely to grant all the rights and liberties, and only wished them to name a day and a place of meeting. By this crafty answer John, perhaps, deceived many in his own day, and in more recent times it has had the effect of making him appear a willing agent in granting the liberties which he again and again endeavoured to pervert and to profane, and after conceding which he became almost mad with rage in the castle at Windsor. But the day and the place were promptly appointed, and in the water-meadow between Staines and Windsor, the barons met the king, they coming from Staines and he from Windsor, attended by eight bishops, Pandulph, Almeric, the master of the English Templars, the Earl of Pembroke, and thirteen other gentlemen. These attended him as friends, but they were mostly known to be favourable to the Charter. On the other side stood Fitzwalter and the whole nobility of England. Almost without question, and with suspicious facility, the king signed the scroll, and the Great Charter was completed, the foundation for the future laws



JOHN SIGNING MAGNA CHARTA.

and liberties of England confirmed. The treachery of John was so well known that the barons exacted securities. The king was to disband and dismiss from the country his foreign mercenaries. The barons were to hold London, and Langton the Tower of London, for two months, and twenty-five barons were to be chosen as conservators of the liberties of the kingdom, with power to make war on and seize the king's lands and castles, in case of an unredressed breach of the Charter. The Great Charter confirmed many liberties, and redressed many grievances that had grown up under the feudal rule; it was, in fact, to a great extent a restoration of the Saxon system which William the Conqueror had declared he would observe, and a return to the laws which protected the subjects from arbitrary fines, punishments, and distresses by the Crown. It provided for the administration of justice, and fixed the Court of Common Pleas at Westminster in order to prevent suitors from being harassed by following the king in his progresses. It appointed assizes in the proper counties, and provided for legal circuits. It forbade inferior officers of the Crown to try legal causes, and appointed the regular courts; established the rights of property, forbade the alienation of lands in mortmain, enjoined uniformity in weights and measures, protected merchant strangers coming to England, and gave every inhabitant the right to enjoy his life, his liberty, and his property, unless either were declared to be forfeited by the judgment of his peers or the law of the land.





THE DAWN OF THE REFORMATION.

TN the old town of Wittenberg, in Saxony, people are preparing for the festival of All Saints, for to-day is the 31st of October, 1517, and to-morrow crowds of visitors will come in from the villages to see the relics and to keep holiday. The main street, running in a line with the river Elbe—and having at one end the palace of the Elector and the Castle Church, and at the other, near the Elster gate, the university founded by Frederick of Saxony—is thronged with men and women, in whose faces there is a look of earnest expectation, as though they were about to witness some strange and serious event. Such an event is indeed about to happen. By the time that the last of the crowd has reached the Church, the man who is already standing there, hammer in hand, will have nailed to the church door a declaration which will do more to determine the future history of the world than any document or proclamation which may be issued by pope, king, or emperor. It is the first of a series of protests against the tyranny, the corruptions, and the perversions of the Romish Church, and by and by will be followed by other protests, which will give their name to the great body of Reformers who are to be called Protestants. For that man is Martin Luther, now Doctor of Divinity, professor in the university, preacher at Wittenberg, and close friend of the wise Elector of Saxony, but only ten years ago a monk in the Augustine Convent at Erfurt. The paper that he has fixed on the church door, for every one to read, contains ninety-five “theses”



LUTHER NAILING UP HIS THESES.

or propositions against those "indulgences" which for four centuries have been sold in the name of the Pope, first as remittances of penalties ordained by the Church against offenders, and afterwards, through the monstrous assumptions of the Romish ecclesiastical power, as remissions of the Divine punishment, so that they have become, as it were, certificates, by the purchase of which people are told that they can secure the release of the souls of the dead from purgatory, and their own pardon, even for heinous sins. The "infallibility" and temporal supremacy of the Pope, which were the aim of Hildebrand more than four centuries ago, have been followed by tyranny and the inevitable corruption which accompanies the exercise of a sacred office for worldly and ambitious ends. The Western and the Eastern Church have long ago been separated. Constantinople has been taken by the Turks, the old capital of the Eastern Roman Empire has become the seat of the great Ottoman Empire, and Western Christendom being united under the ecclesiastical system of the "Holy Catholic Church," of which Rome is the capital and the Pope the chief, all Europe is divided into ecclesiastical provinces, which are again divided into the dioceses of bishops and sub-divided into parishes under the priests. The ecclesiastical empire claims to be beyond and above the civil power. Secular rulers require the sanction of the Church; the clergy claim exemption from prosecution under the criminal law, and profess to be amenable only to the ecclesiastical courts under the authority of Rome, and with an appeal, not to the Crown, but to the Pope. To the numbers of parish priests are added still greater numbers of monks. The two orders of Dominicans and Augustinians, quarrelling for power, excite a silent and too often a sinister influence in supporting the vast pretensions of the Church. The clergy claim, in effect, to be the arbiters of this world by holding the keys of the world to come. They alone can

*still in the Roman Catholic Church & world
always be recognised. Read the "Catholic Box"
by Newman. "Sir or Father etc. &c
and a Roman Catholic.*

baptise, perform the ceremony of marriage, or admit to Christian burial. They carry their influence into the homes of the people from the time that a child is born to the day that it becomes old enough to marry, and they are at the death-beds of those who, needing spiritual aid, find that they can scarcely dispose of any property without the temporal authority of the Church. Wills have to be proved in the ecclesiastical courts. Heresy, which often means objection to the ruling of the clergy, is a crime for the punishment of which the priest can command the office of the civil magistrate, who himself is taught to fear the papal ban. The Church is enormously wealthy, its revenues being derived from the immense accumulation, not only of tithes and of the fees which are demanded for every priestly act, but of the property given or bequeathed by wealthy people, and of the profits derived from those estates which it is declared include one-third of the land in Europe.

The popes had done little more than the kings and the emperors to spread education among the people, but the events which followed the earlier struggle for papal supremacy had stirred the intellectual if not the moral life of the world. The Crusades had set men travelling, and established the intercourse of nations. Maritime commerce had helped to change the relations of society. The invention of gunpowder had entirely altered the character of war. Jews and Greeks settling in Italy brought with them the science and literature of the East, as well as the history, the poetry, the philosophy, and the arts of Greece and Rome. A general revival of knowledge began; and its progress was accelerated to almost startling swiftness by the greatest invention which has ever blessed mankind—the art of printing. Before this marvellous discovery was made, there had been a certain movement towards intellectual freedom, but it was confined to a few distinguished scholars and a few kings and rulers

*The Church has always been
the ready earning, And the
find authority in
state*

who were the patrons of learning. The papal rule was mildly extended to the more eminent of such men. They were liberally included in the pale of the supremacy of the Church, and their theoretical heresies regarded with a certain toleration. It was quite a different thing when plain and outspoken poor scholars began to enlighten the people on the subject of spiritual life, and to question the authority, as well as to deny the truth, of certain doctrines which were essential to the maintenance of the papal power. Yet the establishment of universities had set a number of men free from the shackles of the scholastic or theological system of the ecclesiastics. Scholars who went from one famous college to another escaped from the narrow and dogmatic teaching which denied the deductions of science, and forbade the instruction of the people, or even the reading of the Scriptures in any language but Latin. At Oxford, Cambridge, Paris, Orleans, Padua, Salamanca, Prague, and Cologne, students were passing and re-passing. The writings of Wiclif were known in Bohemia; the Lollards were succeeded by the Hussites; the first movers of the great Reformation were pushing forward for the moral and spiritual regeneration of mankind; while the "friends of light," among whom Richard the Third, and, afterwards, Henry Tudor, may have been numbered, were more concerned with what may be called the romantic cultivation, among a select few, of the literature and knowledge which increases influence and power, and the graces and arts which add to the personal refinements of life. The capital of the Church, under the evil domination of the popes, had already been denounced by poets and thinkers—by Dante, Machiavelli, Petrarch; but no reformation seemed to be possible. The papal rule had degenerated from arrogance and tyranny to a reign of violence, assassination, and unbridled licentiousness. The Borgias were paramount, and Alexander VI. was only exceeded in wickedness and wild-beast cruelty

by his brutal son Cæsar, who caused his own brother to be stabbed and flung into the Tiber, and his brother-in-law to be assassinated on the palace steps. Wealthy men were poisoned for their riches; opponents poignarded ; and from 1492 to 1503 the annals of the Papacy were the records of sin and crime—an evil example to the world. At length Alexander died—poisoned, as it was said, by the substitution on his plate of a sweetmeat which he had prepared for a doomed guest. Julius II. succeeded to the Papacy in 1503, and was opposed by Louis XII. of France, who tried to induce Henry VIII. of England to join in deposing him; but Julius succeeded in uniting England, Spain, and Germany in a “holy league,” by which he drove the French out of Italy before his death in 1513, when he was succeeded by Leo X. It is to be noted that Germany, which was very far from having achieved national unity, called itself the “Holy Roman Empire,” and that the emperor, regarding himself in some vague manner as successor to the Roman Empire, which the German tribes had conquered, claimed to be the temporal head of Christendom. Each new emperor was called to the throne by seven prince electors, of whom there were on the Rhine three archbishops and the Count Palatine, and on the Elbe the King of Hanover, the Margrave of Brandenburg, and the Elector of Saxony, so that the tenure was of a feudal nature. The empire represented but little real personal power as vested in the chief of the State, and the once important imperial domain had been either lost or ceded to the popes and the archbishops. Thus the need of a central power to preserve peace amidst the lawless nobles and the revolutionary peasantry was felt almost as much as it had been four centuries before. The free towns of Germany were her real strength, and the sturdy artisans and traders her hope for the future ; for the towns were leagued for mutual defence, and each was a free State, its people ready to be free

also both in politics and religion. The time was ripening, but where was the man?

The “revival of learning” had become a revival of religion when Savonarola turned his great attainments to the interpretation of the Scriptures, and moved all Florence by his eloquent preaching and the denunciation of the wickedness of the Church and the iniquities of Alexander VI., who tortured, imprisoned, and at length caused him to be strangled and burnt; but the movement was crushed in Italy to be revived in England, where Colet and Thomas More became the leaders of the new school of thought. They were joined by Erasmus, who, having left the monastery where his dishonest guardians had confined him, that they might seize his patrimony, became a student at the University of Paris, and afterwards lived, or rather starved, by teaching. His great desire was to learn Greek, and an English nobleman invited him to Oxford that he might study it. There he found Colet (who afterwards became the Dean of St. Paul’s and founded St. Paul’s School), Grocyn, Linacre, and Thomas More. He soon helped them in their earnest work, stimulated by the fervour and determination of Colet. When the accession of Henry VIII. gave renewed hope and vigour to the band of Reformers in England, Erasmus was already known throughout Europe. It was his edition of the New Testament, published at the printing-press at Basle in 1516, that prepared the way for the real reformation which was to follow, for by this new edition, which contained in parallel columns the original Greek text and a Latin translation, the simplicity of the Gospels was restored, and the ground was laid for another translation in “the vulgar tongue” of every country, so that the people as well as the priests might read and understand.

The reformer who was to carry out the work was already preparing for the tremendous conflict, the triumphant results of which

he was at that time unable to discern. Martin Luther was a man of the people. His grandfather was a Saxon peasant, and his father, who was a younger son, left home to work as a slate-cutter at Mansfeld, in Thuringia, where the future reformer was born in 1483. Rough, severe, passionate people, his parents yet had ambition for their children, and the boy was sent to the university at Erfurt, that he might afterwards study the law; but though he took his degree as master of arts, he seems to have had little inclination to follow the legal profession, and though he gave few evidences of an earnest religious character, he was impressed with the solemn obligations of men to lead a life of piety. It is said that after the sudden death of an intimate friend these convictions were deepened, and that during a terrible thunderstorm, when he thought that his own end was near, he vowed, if he were spared, to devote himself to the monastic rule. At all events, it was in this year (1505) that, contrary to his father's wish, he entered the monastery of Erfurt, where he was for a long time subject to great mental agony, and continued, during his spiritual struggles after the realisation of the true doctrines of Christianity, to observe fasts and penances, in order to obtain peace for a troubled conscience. His physical and mental sufferings were so great that his life was in danger; when he found a kind and judicious friend in Staupnitz, the vicar-general of his order, whose simple, genial faith and encouragement helped him at length to rest in the belief that by faith in Christ, and not in fasts, penalties, and ceremonies, the forgiveness of sins and the life everlasting could be obtained. This good counsel, the cheerful, simple piety of his teacher, and a study of the works of St. Augustine, whose theology he adopted, brought him rest, which was increased and confirmed by a careful and assiduous study of the Bible. The theological tenets of Luther, which were similar to the doctrines afterwards adopted by Calvin, differed from those of the Oxford

Luther went to Erfurt. His conscience, today, no longer reproaches him.

Reformers ; but both he and his fellow-workers agreed that true religion was of the heart, and did not consist in forms and ceremonies, but in earnest spiritual worship ; while his own knowledge of the Scriptures, and the sense of their sufficiency without scholastic theology, led him to make constant efforts to disseminate them in such a form that they might be read and understood by the people. In 1508, chiefly by the good influence of his friend Staupnitz, who admired his abilities and saw how his staunch and determined courage would help the work of Reformation, Luther was appointed preacher at the University at Wittenberg, and there, in the library of the Elector of Saxony, his friend and patron, found the New Testament of Erasmus. With pain, he discovered that the great Greek scholar had not adopted the Augustinian doctrines, but he held his peace. It would be time enough to enter into disputes when the question of theological doctrine came to the front. Then, indeed, the breach would be inevitable between him and the Oxford Reformers, and the question would be whether Protestantism would be with him or with them ; but there was work to be done that was more vital even than to settle such a controversy. He who would stand in the front must not only oppose, but must also defy the Pope. It was his journey to Rome in 1510, on an errand for his monastery, that taught Luther this. The scandalous pontificate of Borgia was at an end, and the turbulent and warlike Julius II. was in the papal chair ; but the impiety, the sensuality, the hypocrisy and injustice of the clergy remained, and the simple Wittenberg professor was horrified alike by this and by the formality of the worship and the ignorance of the worshippers. He almost fled back to Germany in a passion of grief and anger ; but the time was to come when he would say that he would not for 100,000 florins have missed that journey to Rome, for without it he should have been tormented by the fear of being unjust

towards the Pope. Two years after his return he was made Doctor of Divinity; and his friend, the Elector of Saxony, paid the expenses of a splendid installation, for he was then a learned divine, with some knowledge of Hebrew, good acquaintance with Greek, and extensive familiarity with the works of the Fathers, and with scholastic philosophy. But, above all, he had profoundly studied the Scriptures and, as an eloquent preacher, could use them with effect in exhortation and instruction. Irreproachable in his character, genial, frank, and with a hearty humour, he was devotional and zealous in maintaining discipline and piety in those monastic houses of which he was the provincial vicar.

Leo X. has succeeded Julius, and wants money, the readiest way to obtain which is by the sale of "indulgences;" and Tetzel, a Dominican monk, has been appointed to hawk them through the country, as a travelling doctor vends quack medicines. Luther is full of fiery indignation, for some of his own people, coming to him to confess, have refused to observe the discipline which he has laid upon them, urging that they have already obtained the papal remission. Upon this, Luther refuses them absolution; and, hearing that Tetzel is actually approaching Wittenberg, prepares his theses, sends off a copy of them to the Archbishop of Magdeburg, praying that the scandalous pretence of the papal power to remit any other than canonical penances may be prevented. Full of earnest courage, he affixes these declarations to the church of the university. This is the first great step of the Reformation; and to-morrow, on All Saints' Day, he will read his theses in the great parish church, whose tall towers are to be seen there behind the centre of the main street. It is a challenge, not to Tetzel, but of the Pope's infallibility, and the terms of the defiance will spread through Germany, in spite of the affected disregard of Leo X., who says that it is only a dispute between the Dominican

and the Augustinian monks. For three years the work of the Reformation will appear to be retarded by the political excitement and interest that must accompany the election of a new emperor, and the Elector of Saxony will lend his powerful aid to secure the empire to Charles VI.; but that same Elector will not have forgotten the dream in which it was said he had seen the monk of Wittenberg writing on the door of his church in letters so large that he could read them eighteen miles off at his palace, where he was, and that the pen grew longer and longer, till at last it reached to Rome, touched the Pope's triple crown, and made it totter. Not till 1520 will the monk who is to be instrumental in deciding the course of the great religious controversy in Europe stand alone, in the front of the wondering people, who desire freedom of conscience, and make his second protest by marching out of the Elster gate, that outside the city walls he may burn the bull which the Pope has issued against him, and with it the books of Roman law, to signify that Germany should no longer be subject to the Romish rule. When this is done, amidst the cheers of the people of the old Saxon town, the warfare must be strenuous. Reformation must follow, or it will be carried by revolution.

The are two sides to every story. Read
Newmans Morals, Gibbons, Archbishop Usher
they were all Protestant once.





THE
DEFEAT OF THE SPANISH ARMADA.

 It is early in the summer of the year 1588, and a great camp has been hastily formed at Tilbury, on the low-lying Essex coast, opposite Gravesend. Such has been the enthusiasm of the whole country that an English army of 20,000 men is ready to be assembled in forty-eight hours at any spot where an enemy could land on the English coast. The lords-lieutenant of counties have returned their reports that there are altogether 130,000 men under arms, without reckoning the levies promptly furnished by the City of London. It is at Tilbury that a regular army is actually assembled, for it is near the mouth of the Thames, and the force there consists of 22,000 foot and 2,000 horse, with the great Earl of Leicester, the Queen's favourite, for their general, and the brave and fiery Earl of Essex also in command. Between Tilbury and London are 28,000 men, and a special force of 10,000 Londoners, levied for the protection of her Majesty's person, and commanded by her kinsman, Lord Hunsdon.

The old fortification, which, in Henry VIII.'s time, was little more than a block-house commanding the river, has been extended into a strong defensive, or rather offensive, position, and the opposite shore has also been furnished with forts, constructed under the direction of Federico Giambelli, who has deserted from the service of Spain and come over to England. Not that he is a Spaniard, but an Italian, for it is to Italy that the world still looks for scientific engineering in time of war. A vast number of barges

are collected on the shore beneath Gravesend, for the purpose either of forming a bridge, across which an army may pass from Kent to Essex, or of being used as a blockade against the enemy's ships, should they ever reach the mouth of the Thames and attempt to sail up to London, as Philip of Spain has threatened. For it is that arrogant and implacable enemy of England who is about to make his great attempt, urged thereto by the vehement passion which has made the subjugation of this country and the extinction of Protestantism the great object of his life, until it appears to have absorbed even the private revenge by which it was once stimulated.

During the year that has elapsed since the execution of Mary Queen of Scots, at Fotheringay, Elizabeth and her Ministers—Burghley, Cecil, and Walsingham—have sought to avert the animosity of the Spaniards. England has long been full of Jesuits, the emissaries of the Pope and of Philip of Spain, who had so desired to complete that subjugation which the death of his wife, Mary Tudor, had prevented, that he had sent to offer his hand to Elizabeth herself, and had been refused. Formidable conspiracies have been fomented. A papal bull has been issued denouncing the Queen as a depraved woman, denying her royal title, absolving her subjects from allegiance, and excommunicating all who obey her. For a time neither her life nor the lives of her principal Ministers were safe from the plots that lasted from the conspiracy of 1572 to that of Babington in 1586—in both of which Mary of Scots was implicated—to the latter of which that unhappy queen owed her tragic death.

The English Catholics, however, mostly vie with the Protestants in activity, in zeal, and in patriotism, and it is suggestive of their public spirit, and of the broad views which characterise Elizabeth, that Lord Howard of Effingham—himself a Romanist—is Lord High Admiral, while other gentlemen who, because of the jealousy of some

of the Protestants, are excluded from command, serve in the ranks of the army or join the “adventurers” in ships, where they do the work of common sailors.

English “adventurers” have carried the fame and the flag of England round the world, have humbled the pride of Spain on newly-discovered seas, and have come home, after sinking and burning great ships and attacking the Spanish possessions in hitherto unknown lands, bringing with them prizes filled with gold and silver and rich merchandise. The very name of Francis Drake is feared at Spanish stations and on board Spanish ships, not only in South America and the West Indies, but in Cadiz itself; and Hawkins, Frobisher, Southwell, Barker, Davis, Fenner, have each made their “account with the Dons.” Drake, at all events, has had the countenance of the Queen in more than one exploit, although he has been out as a privateer, and with no express commands. Between England and Spain it has been unproclaimed war for years past, and the execution of the Queen of Scots, on the 8th of February of the last year (1587), has given Philip another excuse to make an attempt for which he has been long preparing an enormous fleet: but he needs yet to learn that threats are idle, unless followed by prompt action, and on the 19th of April, in this year 1588, his threats were answered by an act of defiance that has exasperated him still more, and has delayed the invasion of England long enough to allow preparations to be made for the coming foe. For finding negotiations useless, and that Philip was hastening the building of ships, and making ready to transport the army of the Duke of Parma, then in the Netherlands (though we held the precautionary towns), Elizabeth gave Drake one of those half commissions, which left much to the discretion of the daring mariner, who desired nothing better than to go on an expedition “to singe the King of Spain’s beard.”

With a fleet of thirty sail—twenty-six of which were vessels fitted out by the City of London, while four only belonged to the Royal Navy—the intrepid seaman bore for Lisbon, and thence to Cadiz, where, dashing into the bay with his usual daring, he burned, sunk, or took captive thirty-two of the enemy's ships. Then on the way back, along the coast to Cape St. Vincent, a hundred more vessels were destroyed or taken, and the fortifications at various points left in ruins. This splendid enterprise finished in the Tagus, where Drake defied the Marquis de Santa Cruz, and seized the great Spanish ship, the *St. Philip*, from under his very flag. So the sailing of the “Spanish Armada” has been delayed for a year, but Philip's power has increased since he began to threaten England. If he has lost Holland, he has added Portugal to his dominions. He has levied troops everywhere, has hired ships from the Republics of Genoa and Venice, with the riches gained from the colonies of the New World, or taken with cruelty and oppression from the natives of these lands, the very sands of which are said to be of gold and silver. All the ships belonging to the people of Naples and Sicily are pressed into his service, and the work of constructing a great navy has been pushed on in Spain, in Portugal, and in Spanish Flanders, where a fleet of flat-bottomed boats is ready to bring the Duke of Parma with his army, when once the “Invincible Armada” shall have invaded the coast and, sailing up the Thames, shall have struck the first blow at London.

It is the morning of the 29th of May, and at the town of Lisbon is to be witnessed one of the most magnificent spectacles that the world ever saw. A hundred and thirty vessels—of which sixty-five are great ships of war and stately galleons, twenty-five are “pink-built” ships, while the rest are frigates, tenders, galleasses, and lastly galleys, rowed by slaves and criminals, some of whom are, doubtless, victims of the Inquisition

condemned for heresies—are drawn up in array in the Tagus. Not with shouts and merrymaking, but with solemn ceremonies, this vast Armada has prepared for the invasion of England. Just as Mary of Scots had chosen to assert that she died for religion, and not for conspiracy, the King of Spain now represents that he goes to war for the Catholic faith, and neither for revenge nor for the ambition of securing the crown of Great Britain for himself. Pope Sixtus V. has named the fleet "the Invincible Armada," and sends it forth with a "bull," which he professes is a Divine message (*Coenâ Domini*) and a blessing on the expedition; and the noblemen and princes, the flower of Spain and Portugal, who have given gold to build ships, are now enlisted under the Duke of Medina-Sidonia and his Vice-Admiral, Martinez de Recalde.

The preparation for sea is a solemn service. All the officers and most of the crews attend mass. On the flags of the great galleons sacred symbols are embroidered. On the vast ships, whose sides and poops rise like towers above the water (so high are the Spanish vessels built), the emblazoned arms and insignia of the saints after whom they are named, float gloriously in the summer air. Solemnly, and to the strains of sacred music, the great Armada is formed into the shape of a crescent, and with sails filled and the splash of hundreds of oars down there in the banks of the galleys, where the toiling rowers see little of the show, the gorgeous and stately pageant moves on. On board this mighty fleet are 19,295 soldiers, and above 8,000 mariners, while the rowers in the galleasses number 1,200, and those in the galleys 888. The artillery, much of it heavy ordnance, amounts to 2,431 pieces, and there are 4,575 quintals of powder. Of the soldiers and mariners, some 4,000 are from Portugal, whence come also 347 pieces of artillery. Thus equipped and commanded, the



QUEEN ELIZABETH REVIEWING THE TROOPS AT TILBURY.

great Armada, which, when it is drawn up in the order of battle, extends seven miles from horn to horn of the crescent, sails forth on the blue sea beyond the Tagus to call at Corunna, where it is to take on board more troops and stores, and thence, if the admiral be favoured by the saints, and there be efficacy in the papal bull, to steer through the Channel to the coast of Flanders, raise the blockade maintained by the English and the Dutch at Nieuport and Dunkirk, and bring the forces of the Duke of Parma to the very water-gate of England, where they may at once commence their triumphal march to London. But in the English camp by the Thames there is little fear of the invader, great as the peril is, and tremendous as the results of the impending fight are known to be. Nay, the whole country around Tilbury rings with shouts of loyal welcome and of cheerful courage, for the queen herself is there, as brave and self-possessed, now that she is fifty-five years old, as she was all those years ago when, to confound the emissaries of Philip and her enemies, who foully slandered her, she was carried on a litter sick and weak, but firm of purpose and with unflinching eyes, through the streets of the City, where the people met her with acclaim. Only a week ago she reviewed the Londoners beyond Tilbury, and now she is coming to ride amidst the ranks of the army at the fort, mounted on a charger, wearing light armour outside her bodice, and holding a marshal's truncheon in her hand. The Earls of Leicester and of Essex hold her bridle rein as she stops to speak, and there, amidst the silence of the troops and the great crowd of those who strain to catch a sight of her right royal presence, her clear, loud voice rings out:—"My loving people, we have been persuaded by some that are careful of our safety to take heed how we commit ourselves to armed multitudes, for fear of treachery; but I assure you I do not desire

to live to distrust my faithful and loving people. Let tyrants fear ! I have always so behaved myself that, under God, I have placed my chiefest strength and safeguard in the loyal hearts and goodwill of my subjects ; and, therefore, I am come amongst you at this time not as for my recreation and sport, but being resolved in the midst and heat of the battle to live or die amongst you all ; to lay down for my God, for my kingdom, and for my people, my honour and my blood, even in the dust. I know that I have but the body of a weak and feeble woman, but I have the heart of a king, and of a King of England too, and think it foul scorn that Parma or Spain, or any prince of Europe, should dare to invade the borders of my realms."

And these brave, proud words find an echo in the country, even after the coming of the Armada has been delayed by the storms that have caught the Spanish vessels at Cape Finisterre, and have made it necessary for them to stay at Corunna for repairs.

It needs public spirit and undaunted courage to meet such a foe, for the whole Royal Navy of England does not exceed thirty-six sail ; but merchant ships are fitted out, armed, and provisioned by nobles, citizens, and traders, at their own expense, and there are not wanting bold crews to man them, for the exploits of Drake, Hawkins, Winter, and Frobisher, are ringing all over Europe, and the men and youths of the British coasts are willing and eager to serve under such commands. The entire number of ships is 191, of which the tonnage is not more than 31,985, and the number of seamen 17,400 ; so that though we have a few more vessels, we have less than half the tonnage and, therefore, not half the apparent force, of the Armada.

But these comparatively small ships* are manœuvred by sailors

* The largest of them not equal to a thirty-six gun frigate of the England of three centuries afterwards.

who are free men, and the crews are not divided into hidalgos—soldiers who never touch a rope nor know anything of seamanship—and sailors who are treated like dogs, and are little better than slaves. While the vast high-towering Spanish vessels move slowly, and their great ordnance fires high and cannot be easily handled, the smaller English craft can sail at speed and near to the wind ; can turn adroitly, and are able by the quickness of their movements, and the skilfulness of sailors and gunners, to fight while flying, and with their rapid broadsides to riddle a Spanish galleon through and through.

So it comes about that after Lord Howard has been watching the western coast, and Drake has been looking out at Ushant, and Hawkins between Land's End and Scilly ; while Lord Henry Seymour has cruised along the coast of Flanders, and blocked up the Spanish ports there, other captains have secured the Channel ; and now on the 19th of July of this same year, 1588, the chief commanders are back at Plymouth, where the men, of whom many are men of Devon, are ashore for rest and refreshment. It is a wonderful scene this, in the little terrace bowling-green behind the Pelican Inn. “See those five men talking earnestly in the centre of a ring which longs to overhear and yet is too respectful to approach close. Those long, soft eyes and pointed chin you recognise already : they are Walter Raleigh's. The fair young man in the flame-coloured doublet, whose arm is round Raleigh's neck, is Lord Sheffield ; opposite them stands, by the side of Sir Richard Grenville, a man as stately even as he, Lord Sheffield's uncle, the Lord Charles Howard of Effingham, the Lord High Admiral of England ; next to him his son-in-law, Sir Robert Southwell, captain of the *Elizabeth Jonas*. But who is that short, sturdy, plainly-dressed man who stands with legs a little apart, and hands behind his back, looking up with keen grey eyes into the face of each speaker ? His cap is

in his hand, so you can see the bullet-head of crisp brown hair and the wrinkled forehead, as well as the high cheek-bones, the short square face, the broad temples, the thick lips, which are yet as firm as granite. A coarse, plebeian stamp of man; yet the whole figure and attitude are those of boundless determination, self-possession, energy; and when at last he speaks a few blunt words, all eyes are turned respectfully upon him, for his name is Francis Drake.”*

Here, too, a grizzled sunburnt elder in greasy sea-stained garments, but wearing his gold chain of office, is John Hawkins, Admiral of the Port of Plymouth; and there sitting on the bench smoking tobacco from long silver pipes are Martin Frobisher and John Davis, talking to George Fenner and Withrington; while the short prim man in the huge yellow ruff is the son of the great admiral, Richard Hawkins, “the complete seaman.”

The colloquy has scarcely finished when Admiral Hawkins takes off Francis Drake for a game of bowls, in the midst of which in rushes one Fleming, a Scottish pirate, as well as privateer, against whom there is a warrant out for robbery of Flushingers’ vessels on the high seas. He goes straight to the Lord High Admiral with the startling intelligence that the Armada is at hand, for he has seen it off the Lizard. All is bustle; the boats are called out, and there is a great mustering of men; but Drake and Hawkins continue their game, for they know how to count on their crews, and they know, too, that the way to fight the mighty fleet is to keep the English ships apart, and to hover about the Spaniards, pursuing, tacking, steering round and between the larger vessels, and giving them broadside after broadside as they go in and out. Another morning dawns, and here, coming majestically on, still disposed in crescent form, is that Invincible Armada, to conquer

* The late Canon Kingsley’s “Westward Ho!”

which is to determine whether Popery or Protestantism, despotism or freedom, is to rule in England, and half of Europe, and perhaps the whole of the America of the future. Though the wind has been blowing hard in their teeth, the English crews have contrived to marshal their ships, and the Spanish Admiral, the Duke of Medina, keeping in his prescribed course, tries to steer quite through the Channel. Lord Howard lets him pass, for there are keen English eyes looking for what may befall, because of winds and currents, and presently several of the slower Spanish ships are left behind, and cannot regain their places in the line of those that are hurrying on with every sail bent. Now the signal is given, and out goes the pinnace *Disdain* to pour a broadside into one of the laggards. It is followed by the Lord High Admiral himself in the *Ark Royal*, who, within musket-shot, attacks the large vessel, which he thinks is the Spanish Admiral's, but it is that of Alfonso de Leon. Drake in the *Revenge* and Hawkins in the *Victory*, are at once in action. One of the great galleasses is already riddled with shot, and Drake has taken a treasure-ship with 53,000 ducats on board, which he distributes among the sailors. Medina heaves-to, till his fluttered followers have time to come up; the spirits of the English rise, and the Spaniards are full of astonishment, and it must be admitted of admiration also, at the wonderful seamanship which places their great lumbering vessels almost at the mercy of the nimble craft, worked by men who are already the heroes of the sea.

The night comes on with heavy weather, and some of the Spanish vessels run foul of each other; but Howard is back towards Plymouth, where he is reinforced by forty sail, and the Armada presses on towards Portland, whither the English fleet follows them, still in loose order, but ready to keep up a running fight; and there the engagement becomes general.

A great Venetian argosy and several transports are taken,

and more might be done, but there is a lack of gunpowder. On the 25th, the Armada is at the Isle of Wight, where Hawkins has taken a big Portuguese galleon. Frobisher is beleaguered, and is rescued by the *White Bear* and the *Elizabeth Jonas*. It is a calm, and the ships have to be towed. Again the engagement becomes general, and there might be an end, but all the powder is burned, and after seriously damaging the Duke of Medina's own ship, the English take advantage of a slight breeze springing up, and sheer off. Supplies come tardily enough. The Armada sails up the Channel, and Howard, hanging in its rear, will not fight again till they reach the Straits of Dover, where he will be reinforced by the squadron of Sir Thomas Winter and Lord Henry Seymour. Not only ammunition and supplies, but ships manned and fitted at the private charges of the gentry, come out from every haven. The Spaniards have taken up a strong position at Calais, their largest ships seaward, their smaller next the shore. To break this array, eight small ships are gutted, smeared with pitch, resin, and wildfire, and filled with combustibles. Captain Young and Captain Prowse undertake the desperate duty of guiding these ships to the Spanish lines, where they fire them, and escape to their boats, the flaming hulls bearing down upon the Armada. All is confusion and dismay. Some cut their cables, others let slip their hawsers, and so hurry out to sea, some of them crashing into each other, and most of them scattered about in the wide sea, or among the shoals off Flanders. In the morning the English fleet rushes to attack the divided squadrons, and everywhere the determination, skill, and daring of the English commanders shatter the hopes of the leaders of that Armada which, so far from being invincible, is already conquered. On the last day of July, the Duke of Medina-Sidonia has determined, after a council of war, to get back to

Spain as best he can, by sailing round Scotland, where, perhaps, he hopes to meet with aid. The English would follow briskly, but again they need powder and shot; and the Armada is dispersed already, for as the scattered vessels round the Orkneys, a tempest disperses, and shatters them still more, some being wrecked, some going down at sea, and others being cast on the coasts of Argyle or on that of Ireland, at a place still called Port-na-Spagna. The crews who escape on the Scotch coast are taken prisoners, by orders of King James; those who get ashore in Ireland are driven from their hiding-places and slain, by order of the Lord Deputy Sir William Fitzwilliam, who pleaded for this act of butchery, fear of their influence among the disaffected Romanists of the island. Great numbers perish. A small squadron driven back to the English Channel are taken by the English, the Dutch, or the privateers equipped by the Huguenots of Rochelle. Not till the end of September does the Duke of Medina arrive at Santander, with sixty shattered ships, their crews worn with hunger, cold, and sickness, while the Lord High Admiral of England has anchored in the Downs on the 8th of August, with the loss of few men and only one vessel of consequence. The peril is over, Elizabeth is safe, the Camp of Tilbury is broken up, and the power of Spain and of the Pope in England is broken for ever.





THE
MAINTENANCE OF THE “PETITION OF RIGHT.”

“**C**E shall sit still till it pleases us to rise!” The words are accompanied by a vehement oath, and are uttered by Hollis, son of the Earl of Clare; he to whom they are addressed is Sir John Finch, Speaker to the House of Commons, who is pinioned to his chair by angry and determined men, while others lock the doors of the House and bring the keys to the table. Sir Thomas Edmonds, and those who are privy councillors and courtiers, try in vain to release the prisoner; for this is the assembly of the English Parliament, on the 2nd of March, 1629, and the liberties of England may depend upon what shall be done there, and upon an indignant remonstrance which must be put to the vote and carried against the tyrannous assumptions of King Charles I.

To many in that assembly, as well as to many who may come after them, this strange scene may appear to be a mere episode in the contest that has been going on ever since the coronation of the King, in February, 1626—nay, ever since the death of James I.—of whom the Duke of Sully said that he was the wisest fool in Europe, and who, in his timorous, dissimulating, shifty policy, had often alternately played the tyrant and the craven, as it was likely that any man would do who had regarded with only a petulant and pretended display of anger the execution of his own mother, and had accepted presents from Elizabeth, to whom he sent “his duty,” almost before the marks of the scaffold had been erased from the floor of the hall in the Castle of Fotheringay.



THE SCENE IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS, MARCH 2, 1629.

Charles has little of the timidity, scarcely any of the shrewdness, not much of the learning of his father, but he has all his duplicity and his habit of evasion; therefore he is already distrusted by more than half the nation, and even his solemn protests are regarded by thoughtful men as convenient forms for obtaining temporary concessions. His arrogance is driving some of the most loyal men in the realm to the verge of treason; his contempt for that constitutional liberty, of which Parliament itself is a guarantee, is alienating from him the staunchest supporters of the royal prerogative; his shameless and unconcealed preference for his father's favourite and his own companion, the base and detested Buckingham, for whom he sacrificed not only the honour but the laws of the country, till Buckingham himself died by the knife of the assassin, who calmly avowed his crime and called it patriotism, have long ago revolted true and honest men. He has been false to his betrothal to the Infanta of Spain, to escape marriage with whom he and his evil counsellor cajoled England into a preparation for war; false to religion, inasmuch as he has vowed at the same time to favour the Roman Catholics and to assist the French Protestants; false to the English captains and English crews, who, sent out on a pretended expedition to Genoa, have found themselves under sudden orders to proceed against the Protestants at Rochelle. Finally, he has been false to the nation, not only by imitating his father in the abuse of patents, and the illegal assumption that the King has the power to dissolve and recall parliaments at pleasure, but in the arrogant declaration that the Sovereign may dispense with parliaments altogether—may coerce them into voting supplies, or, in case of their refusal, may deny them permission to meet, and obtain money by forced loans and illegal taxes, imprisoning and torturing the "refusers," and practically reviving the iniquitous "benevolences" which were intolerable even in the days of Richard III.

He has gone to the length of ordering the arrest of several of the most determined of those men who had insisted on the impeachment of Buckingham and the denunciation of Laud and the subservient clergy who upheld the divine right of the King, for the sake of the advantage to be gained by the prelacy. For again the Church has sought domination in temporal and secular affairs, not by opposing, but by allying itself with the power of the Crown. While any opposition on the part of a Crown officer or a servant of the Government insures his disgrace and dismissal, Laud, who in 1626 was translated from the Bishopric of St. David's to that of Bath and Wells, has issued a set of instructions, in the King's name, to the clergy, who are enjoined to preach the merits of giving or lending money without the authority of Parliament. Thus there is a confederacy or league between Church and State against Parliament and the people. For twenty years the High Church party has been labouring on the side of despotism, and their system has had the effect of driving men into the ranks of their opponents, the Puritans. Thus many men of mark, who have no love for the more rigid notions of the Puritans, and no decided aversion to the creed and ceremonies of the Church by law established, array themselves against the whole hierarchy, and prepare to make the Puritan ardour a sharp sword against civil tyranny.

Happily for England, there are staunch men and true in the Houses of Lords and Commons, and many sturdy traders and burgesses of the large towns resist the illegal demands of the tax-collector, though hundreds are punished or imprisoned for it.

On the 8th of May, 1628, four resolutions were passed, which were the foundation of the famous Petition of Right, to which the King's assent was asked on the 28th of the same month. This petition provides against the levies of loans or taxes by the King without consent of Parliament, and enacts that no subject shall

be compelled to make such loan, or be charged with any tax or imposition; that, in accordance with Magna Charta, no subject shall suffer in person or property but by the lawful judgment of his peers or the law of the land; and complains against the breach of these rights and liberties, the appointment of commissioners who exercise martial law against subjects, and the illegal billeting of soldiers and sailors in various parts of the country. To this petition the King gave a vague but short and stilted answer, and with it sent a message that he intended to prorogue the House on the 11th of June. This was on the 5th, and on the next day he sent a harsh command that they were not to censure, nor enter upon any new business which might lead to the censuring or aspersion of, any of the officers of his Government. Angry, but dignified, the House resolved itself into a committee to consider what was to be done for the safety of the kingdom, and no man was to leave his seat under pain of being sent to the Tower. The Speaker obtained permission to go out for half an hour, when he left the chair, and then he left the House and hurried to the King. Kirton, Coke, Selden—all spoke, and the debate was vehement, yet not disloyal. It was followed by a third message brought from the King by the Speaker. His Majesty accepted the Petition of Right, which thus became law; but he took an early opportunity of representing that acceptance as an amiable concession, which was to be followed by exceptions that would go far to nullify its intention. On the 23rd of August, 1628, the Duke of Buckingham was dead. Parliament, which had been prorogued from the 20th of October, met on the 20th of January, 1629, again to discuss the invasion of those liberties which were set forth in the Petition of Right. Remonstrances were met by haughty messages; new evasions and breaches of the law were discovered, and again the debate waxed hot, especially against the bishops and Laud, who was assimilating the Anglican to the Roman

Church, and beginning to enforce conformity by persecution. In the course of these debates there rose to speak for the first time a sturdy, plain-looking man of about thirty years of age, with an old coat and a slovenly hat. In thick and unmelodious tones, but with a certain earnestness which, with a look of command, at once obtained him a hearing, he said:—"I have heard from one Dr. Beard that Dr. Alabaster hath preached flat Popery at St. Paul's Cross, and that the Bishop of Winchester (Dr. Neile) commanded him, as his diocesan, to preach nothing to the contrary; and Dr. Mainwaring, so justly censured for his sermons in this House, has been by his bishop's means preferred to a rich living. If these are steps to Church preferment, what may we not expect?"

The man who said these words is destined to take a tremendous part in the decisive events that are soon to follow. His name is Oliver Cromwell, and he is the new Member for Huntingdon.

It was determined to make a distinct protest against Laud and the practices of the bishops and clergy acting under him, but Charles was not to be moved, and in reply sent to command both Houses to adjourn. They have obeyed the order, though it is against their privilege, and the result is this assembly on the 2nd of March, 1629. Sir John Eliot has begun the debate by denouncing the great Bishop of Winchester and his abettor, the Lord Treasurer Weston, "who go about to break Parliament lest Parliament should break them"—when Sir John Finch delivers a message from the King to adjourn again. This is too much, and after some remonstrances against the order, Sir John Eliot resumes by producing a paper protesting against the levy of illegal tonnage and poundage, which he desires the Speaker to read. The timid and subservient Finch refuses, as the King has adjourned the House. The Clerk also refuses, so Eliot reads it himself with

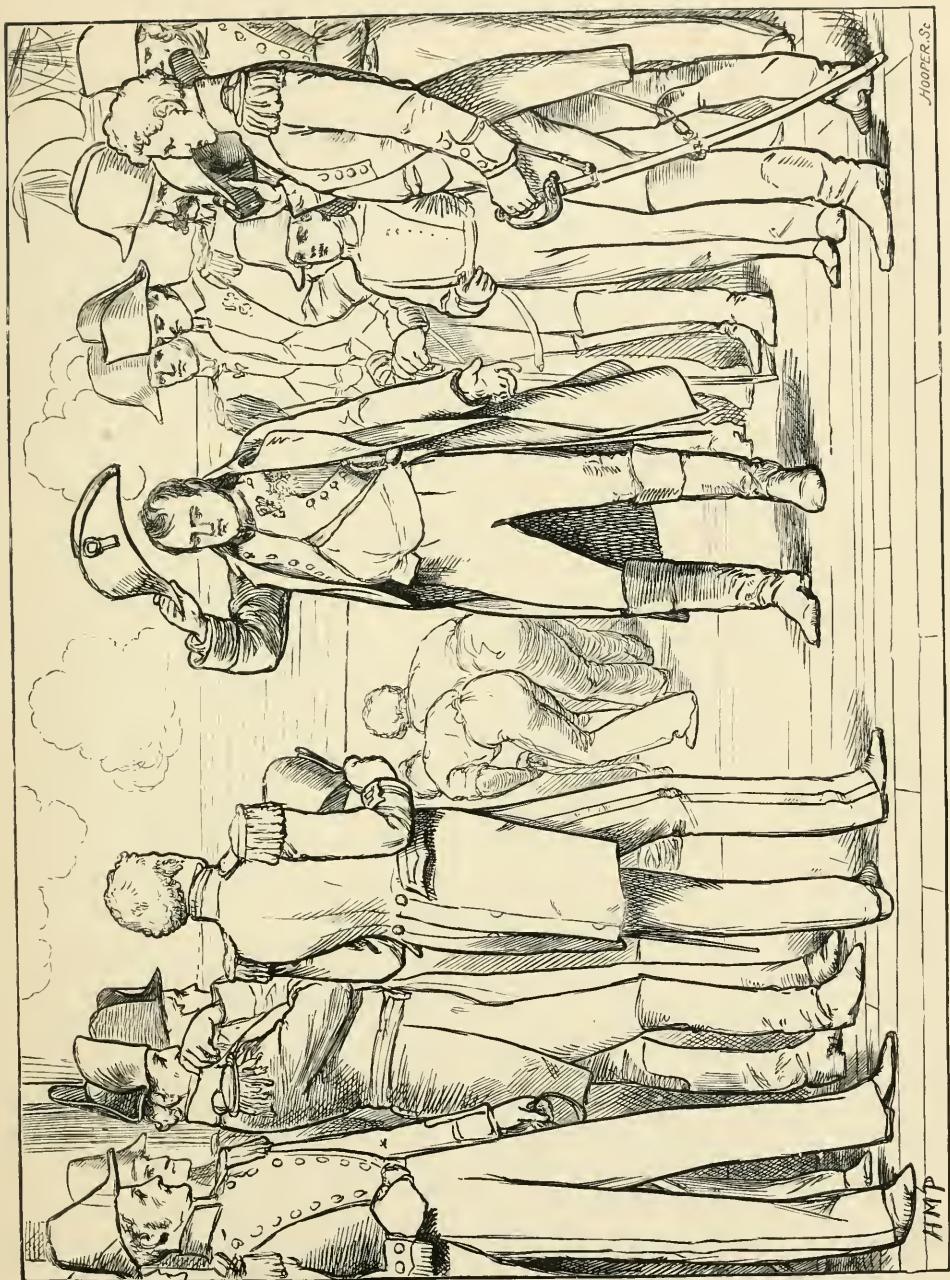
good emphasis; but the Speaker refuses to put it to the vote, notwithstanding the remonstrances of Mr. Selden, and attempts to rise, whereupon ensues the scene already mentioned, and a scuffle, during which poor Finch sheds tears copiously, but sits still, saying, "*I will not say I will not, but I dare not.* I have His Majesty's commands. *I dare not sin against the express command of the Sovereign.*" Selden then delivers a speech on the constitutional duties of a Speaker of the House; and Sir Peter Hayman reproaches his kinsman Finch with disdain, and recommends that a new Speaker be chosen. The heads of protests are drawn up, and are read by Mr. Hollis, amidst loud cheers. Meanwhile the King, who has hurried to the House of Lords, is surprised at not seeing the Speaker, and sends a serjeant to the Commons to fetch away the mace—a symbol without which there can be no House; but the members stop the serjeant and take the key of the door from him. Seeing neither serjeant nor mace, the King sends a message by Black Rod, but the House refuses to receive either Black Rod or his message; so Charles grows furious, and sends the Pensioners and his guards to force the door, by which time, however, the Commons, having voted their resolutions and adjourned have risen and gone. This is the tragi-comedy which is to be the herald of one of the sternest revolutions that the world ever knew—a revolution that will decide not only the future royal dynasty, but the history of England.





THE
SURRENDER OF NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

TCOME to place myself under the protection of your prince and your laws." It is the 15th of July, in the year 1815. The scene is the deck of the *Bellerophon*, an English ship of the line, commanded by Captain Maitland, and lying in the roads off the French coast at Rochefort: the speaker is the Great Napoleon—but yesterday the Emperor—the arbiter of Europe—the conqueror who seemed about to revive for France, on a greater scale, the mastership of the world, which has been held by no nation since the fall of Rome. Between four and five years ago (in 1810–1811) the gigantic French Empire extended from the frontiers of Denmark to the borders of Naples, for Napoleon had finally annexed Rome and the southern Papal Provinces to France. His "good city of Rome" had the rank of second town in the French Empire, which reckoned one hundred and thirty departments and forty-two millions of people, and was intended to include Holland, which was said to be a continuation of France, while all the line of coast to Hamburg and the country between that town and Lubeck formed ten additional departments. The kingdom of Italy was also under the sway of the French conqueror, including Lombardy, Venice, Modena, and Bologna, the other legations, and the marches, with above six millions of people. The Illyrian provinces, including Dalmatia, Carniola, and part of Croatia, formed a separate Government. The kingdoms of Naples and of Westphalia were also under



THE SURRENDER OF NAPOLEON BONAPARTE ON BOARD THE "BELLEROPHON."

the sway of this man, who made kings of his brothers, but gave away no kingdoms, since the government must always be in accordance with his direction and with his general plan of maintaining the imperial greatness of France. As Protector of the Confederation of the Rhine, he had under his orders the Kings of Saxony, Bavaria, and Wurtemburg, the Grand Duke of Baden, and the other German princes. The Helvetic Confederation was compelled to follow his policy in return for his protection. Austria was his ally—partly from fear and partly because he had married Maria Louisa. Prussia lay at his mercy. Russia, through prudence, kept on good terms with him. General Bernadotte, who was chosen King of Sweden, had to obtain his permission to accept the crown. Spain kept up an arduous struggle, but lay bleeding and almost prostrate. Britain alone was able to maintain an attitude of defiance, and to hold Portugal and Sicily safe from spoliation. Against Britain he had not only shown the utmost animosity, but had, by false representations and extraordinary inventions, fostered in the hearts of his nation a complete hatred to the English. There is no need to go through the story of the life of this man, who in a few days has fallen from the height of power and the fulness of ambition to be an unfriended and abandoned refugee. It was after passing through the horrible abyss of the Revolution that France followed the extraordinary fortunes of a young man who was not truly a Frenchman, who held a comparatively obscure position, who lacked the higher refinement of education and of society, but whose remarkable confidence, judgment, and intensity of purpose, combined with extraordinary military skill, called him forward on a career by which everybody but himself seems to have been dazzled till they grew giddy in contemplating through him the military glory of the nation. But the defeat of Leipsic broke him, and even at the

end of the year 1813 the throne of the Empire was tottering. The alliance of Russia and Prussia was effected. All Northern Germany started into life—the students armed and sang songs of war; and when Britain joined this league, the movement became swift and irresistible, for England's workshops were busy in producing arms and stores, England's money was ready to be converted into the sinews of war, England's veterans prepared to take the field, and England's great general, Wellington, had already given proofs that he might venture to measure his military skill even against that of Napoleon Bonaparte himself. But it was not only the reverses of the winter of 1813 which hurled down the stupendous structure of imperial power. France had grown tired of carnage. To furnish another body of 300,000 men and to submit to double taxation was buying glory too dear, but these sacrifices had to be made, and the people were worn out, the country was growing desolate, and patriotism itself was fainting from loss of blood. Of the 350,000 men who had gone into action before the battle of Leipsic, only about 80,000 were taken over to the left bank of the Rhine, while 80,000 of the troops who occupied various places eventually surrendered. The French nation had suddenly become weary of war. In Paris the humbled conqueror found none but gloomy faces. We will not follow the story of the restoration of the Bourbons—the exile of Napoleon in Elba; nor the brilliant episode of his sudden re-appearance—the hastily-gathered army—the advance against the Allies—the tremendous conflict and final defeat at Waterloo. That stupendous attempt delayed but did not frustrate the proposed result. Yet the whole fate of Europe—almost the fate of the world—seemed to hang upon it. And now (in 1815) the Allies have been in Paris since the 7th of July. The Bourbon is on the throne of France—not long to remain—and the great

enemy of England, alone, neglected, finding escape impossible, has written a letter to the Prince Regent (afterwards George IV.), saying, "I come, like Themistocles, to claim the hospitality of the British people and the protection of its laws." But Captain Maitland, though he receives the fallen Emperor with respect on board his vessel, is "not authorised to stipulate as to the reception of Bonaparte in England, where he must consider himself at the disposal of the Prince Regent." No encouragement is given to the exile who was lately Cæsar, and more imperial than Cæsar, but is now *General* Bonaparte, and is so styled when, on the 31st of July, Admiral Lord Keith and Sir Henry Bunbury bring to him on board the *Bellerophon*, at Torbay, the decision of the British Government that his future residence will be the island of St. Helena.





THE
RESTORATION OF THE GERMAN EMPIRE.

IN the beginning of the month of October, 1870, nearly a sixth part of France was actually held by the German armies, whose numbers amounted to 650,000. In September, Strasburg had given way, and now Metz, with Bazaine's army enclosed within its line of forts, was surrounded by sixteen divisions or eight German army corps. Around Paris were sixteen divisions of above 200,000 men. On the 5th of October, the head-quarters of King William of Prussia were moved from Ferrières to Versailles, and he drove with a military escort into the chosen resort of Louis XIV. amidst a crowd of wondering French, who, along with their patriotic disgust—disguised, perhaps, with a philosophic patience—combined a kind of amused and humorous curiosity to see “ce vieux Guillaume. Un bel homme, mais pourtant je serais très content de n'avoir pas vu le bon Roi de Prusse à Versailles.” A bevy of conquering princes and generals followed the King, among whom those who were gazed at with most attention were Count Bismarck and Count von Moltke, the political and military machinists of William's marvellous success.

The 27th of October saw the capitulation of Metz, the last great blow to complete the humiliation of France, except the relinquishment of Paris, which soon became imminent. The hope that the Parisians would be relieved by the raw troops levied in the

provinces was illusive. Gambetta, who escaped from the beleaguered city in a balloon, went about with a vehement activity, and used every effort to inspirit the French troops at Tours and elsewhere. Garibaldi had come to lend his name and influence to support France, now that she was again to become a Republic, and was leading the mixed foreign contingent which fought against the Baden troops in the Vosges; but France was virtually conquered, and the German besiegers hesitated to commence a bombardment of a city which had so long been the glory of Europe, and still had the eyes of Europe fixed earnestly upon it. It was believed that the defence would cease when the people felt the pangs of famine. Already some of the strong forts had been taken, and St. Cloud had been burnt by the fire of the French artillery itself; but Paris was surrounded with defences which were regarded as almost impregnable, and it was determined to hold out. Fresh earthworks, redoubts, and rifle-pits were constructed. Trees were cut down for building the defences and for fuel. A mournful, almost sullen calmness had settled over the spirits of all the inhabitants not engaged in the work of defence, and there were divisions among the extreme political parties, who accused and denounced each other by charges and counter-charges. Worse than all, there were evidences that a reign of terror might soon set in, accompanied by the atrocities which afterwards made the people of the city glad even of the German occupation, in order that they might be protected from those who, in the name of patriotism, committed dreadful crimes. But Paris was not to be taken without difficulty, unless through its actual destruction by a bombardment. Inside the city precautions were taken to make the food-supply last as long as possible. Beef and mutton were only procurable in small, fixed rations; and when these disappeared, horse-flesh took their place, and for some time was moderately plentiful. Dogs, cats, and rats

were sold as comparatively choice articles of diet; the animals in the Jardin d'Acclimatisation capable of being converted into food were slaughtered. Eggs and milk were scarce and expensive luxuries. Fresh vegetables were almost unattainable. Of coarse bread there was a moderate supply, and of wines and spirits the stock seemed to be almost inexhaustible. There were doubtless much larger stores of provisions in Paris than the Germans had counted on, or the German estimate of Parisian determination was far below the reality. At all events, the besiegers had collected large quantities of food in anticipation of the surrender, when they expected to find the inhabitants famishing with hunger, and needing immediate relief. The news of the taking of Orleans induced the Provisional Government to seek an honourable peace, but General Trochu opposed it, and the belief that the French Army of the North was advancing to attack the investing army, encouraged the Parisian troops to make another effort to break through the German lines; but it was unsuccessful, and the Parisians could not maintain their position. While the "Red" Republicans were causing embarrassment to the Government by demanding "the Commune," and the citizens were threatened with the horrors of civil war added to those of sickness and famine, the weather became piercingly cold, a circumstance which perhaps prevented a more terrible mortality from plague in consequence of the number of dead within the walls. Meantime, a portion of the German army of occupation was so scattered in order to resist the continued assaults of the provincial French armies of defence, who held their ground with unexpected tenacity, that the losses of the invading troops in engagements and by sickness became serious. Numerous fortresses, quantities of ammunition, and hosts of prisoners, had been taken; but at every fresh investment of a town a new army seemed to rise for its defence. It was time to bring the siege of

Paris to a close. A new levy of German Landwehr was made, and the troops entered France about the middle of December, when active measures began to be taken, and a tremendous fire was opened upon Mont Avron by the formidable Krupp guns. When that was occupied by the Germans, after a day's bombardment, the fire was renewed against Belleville. The expectation of a speedy capitulation began to be general among all but the more desperately determined. General Trochu had prepared to make a sortie with the army of Paris, and though this attempt was successful in obtaining possession of some places occupied by the German troops, the effort to break through the lines of investment was futile. The battle continued with fury, and was several times renewed, but it availed little, and a second attempt under Vinoy resulted in failure, though it was for a time maintained with some success.

The expectation of aid from the armies of the provinces died out. The German troops enclosed Paris like a ring of iron and of fire. The siege was made terrible by a bombardment intended to bring the inhabitants to terms without destroying the city. The people were famished. The Communists were inaugurating anarchy and bloodshed. On Monday, the 23rd of January, Count Bismarck's carriage, which had been sent to the outposts in consequence of a notice from Paris, drove back to Versailles with M. Jules Favre, who represented the French Government of Defence. On the same night an armistice for three weeks was signed, and millions of rations were sent in from the German lines to the starving inhabitants.

History, with all its surprises, has never perhaps brought to view so startling a New Year's anniversary as that which was witnessed in and around the capital of France on Sunday, the 1st of January, 1871. At Versailles, in the great Palace of Louis

Quatorze, a brilliant assembly met; but the objects that glittered in the Hall of Mirrors were not the jewels of French dames and courtiers doing homage to the glories of a Bourbon or a Bonapartist court: they were the helmets of victorious foes, the German warriors whom a German monarch had collected around him to exchange congratulations on the downfall of French power. "The apartments of the Royal Palace," says a contemporary account, "have been thrown open with something of royal pomp, and the Hohenzollerns have fairly taken possession of the Palace of the Bourbons. After a Lutheran service in the Palace Chapel, with a splendid military band to assist, the King went to the Galerie des Glaces, where all the princes and officers were drawn up in a long line on one side, and where the King, after addressing to them a few words in a loud voice—words of thanks and of compliment on the great work of United Germany—wished them heartily a happy New Year." A banquet closed the ceremonies of the day, when, in answer to King William's New Year's greeting to his assembled guests, the Duke of Baden, as spokesman of the other German princes, concluded a long oration with the proposal of a toast to "King William the Victorious." But the head of the house of Hohenzollern was already about to become Emperor, and to achieve what former rulers from Charlemagne downwards had been unable to effect—the practical government of a united Germany under one empire, and with the abrogation, if not the abandonment, of the separate interests of the numerous small States which were, in so far as any distinct political or governmental power was concerned, to be absorbed in the National Federation of Northern Germany. On the 1st of January, 1870, Count Bismarck had entered on his duties as Foreign Minister, no longer of Prussia, but of the North German Confederation. On the 1st of January, 1871, William, still King of Prussia in name, was already preparing to confirm the



KING WILLIAM PROCLAIMED EMPEROR OF GERMANY AT VERSAILLES.

title of Emperor of Germany. That which the successes of Prussia in the war with Austria had foreshadowed—the extraordinary triumphs of the Franco-German war, during the first three months of its progress—had helped to make the immediate policy of the German States. The bugbear of a United Germany, which had hurried France into war, was becoming a reality far more rapidly than it would have done but for her jealous and ill-advised action. Before the last week in October, two Bavarian Ministers and two Wurtemburg Ministers, with the Chancellor of the North German Bund, were on their way to Versailles, to consult the King and Count Bismarck on the political re-construction of Germany. Early in December, the King of Bavaria made to the King, in the name of himself and of Wurtemburg, an offer of the Imperial dignity, and on the 17th a deputation from the North German Parliament, headed by the President, was received by His Majesty at Versailles, and there, in the Palace which had belonged to the kings of the nation, before whose capital the conquering army had sat down, the new Constitution was confirmed. The King said:—"The summons addressed to me by His Majesty the King of Bavaria, for re-establishing the imperial dignity of the ancient German Empire, has moved me deeply. You, gentlemen, request me, in the name of the North German Diet, not to shrink from responding to this summons. I am glad to gather from your words the expression of the confidence and the wishes of the North German Diet; but you are aware that in this question, touching such high interests and grand recollections of the German nation, it is not my own feelings, not even my own judgment, which can determine the decision. It is only in the unanimous voice of the German princes and free cities, and the corresponding wish of the German nation and its representatives, that I can recognise that call of Providence which I can obey and trust in God's blessing. It will be a source of satisfaction to you,

as well as to myself, to know that I have received intelligence from His Majesty the King of Bavaria that the assent of all the German princes and the free cities is secured, and that the official ratification may be shortly expected."

The provisions of the new Constitution were that the Emperor, as President of the German Bund, should have the power of declaring war in any danger of invasion, and the power of making peace in any circumstances. When no danger of invasion existed, war could only be declared by a majority in the Federal Council. The Federal Council to have fifty-eight votes, of which Prussia had seventeen, Bavaria six, Wurtemburg four, Saxony four, Mecklenburg Strelitz, Mecklenburg Schwerin, and Baden three each, and the other small States two or one each. Any proposed alteration in the Constitution could be vetoed if there were fourteen votes against it. In time of peace the German armies were to be under separate heads, the King of Bavaria having command over his own troops, and the Emperor over the others. The differences between the Civil Codes of certain States were to remain ; the Prussian Military Code was to have force in Wurtemburg ; the Bavarian Post-office and railways to retain their independent administration ; the taxes of each State to be levied under their separate systems ; the Parliament—no longer the North German, but the German Parliament—to be elected by a wide suffrage, the representation of every State being in proportion to its population. Thus was accomplished that union which, though it may not even now represent an actual Consolidation of the German Empire, has more nearly approached actual unity of Government than could be effected in the days when the great German nation was imperial only in name, and was at once liable to the combined evils of tyranny and of anarchy.



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